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MEANWHILE, IN MISSISSIPPI

Bardwell L. Smith

LITURGY, ASIAN STYLE

Robert J. Ledogar

DEATH OF A CRAFT?

Thomas R. Brooks

'THE NEW PRIESTS'

Robert Barrat

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Catholic Press

Cleveland, Ohio

To the Editors: John G. Deedy's article ["The Catholic Press," February 19] suffers from over-generalizing — something which is common and understandable in attempts to write about "The Catholic Press." The Catholic press in the U.S. consists of hundreds of publications, addressing themselves to various tasks and readerships. Quality differs greatly.

Evidently, however, Mr. Deedy had in mind mostly the diocesan newspapers, of the sort which engage his energies and mine. I think he draws too long a bow when he writes that "the Catholic press (meaning the diocesan papers) is once more its cautious, colorless, docile, predictable self." That may be true of some papers but certainly not of all. It is emphatically not true of the *Catholic Universe Bulletin*, of which I am assistant managing editor. In the past year, the *U-B*, for distinguished contributions to interreligious, interracial and community communication, understanding and harmony, and for the objectivity and completeness of its news coverage, both local and international, has been honored with awards from three organizations representing Jews, Protestants and Catholics of the area.

I am as firm as anybody in holding that readers ought to be treated as adults and informed about controversies in the Church and about anything that needs correcting. But I think that Mr. Deedy's phrase, as "a no-holds-barred tendency to judge the excellence of a publication almost entirely on whether or not it can be described, in Mr. Deedy's phrase, as "a no-holds-barred press."

My point is that although we should not be afraid of controversy or of events which embarrass the Church, we should not edit our papers as if such things were more important than anything—or everything—else. Nor should we make that the standard of a publication's worth.

Perhaps the essence of the difference between Mr. Deedy's central view and mine can be seen in the light of his complaint that "most of today's young intellectuals could not care less for the Catholic press" (in the sense of their wanting to make it their life's work.) To my mind, "young intellectuals" are by no means a chief need of diocesan newspapers. The basic, indispensable, most valuable function of newspaper journalism is *news; reporting; informing*—and this not only in intelligent depth, but in Churchwide and worldwide scope. This is a job which requires hard, dedicated, demanding work, perseverance and skill, plus a tremendous lot of humility and self-effacement.

What the diocesan press needs is not "intellectuals"—whether young or old—but highly competent reporters, writers and editors—in a word, mighty good newspapermen—who also possess the needed broad background in "things Catholic," not excepting a reasonable grasp of theology. These, I assure you, are hard to come by.

The work to which such people should mainly devote themselves on diocesan newspapers is that of keeping readers adequately informed about events in the Church or affecting the Church and religion generally; and of focussing on such events the illuminating light of the spiritual and the moral. This means not only being thoroughly competent; it also means nose-grinding, persistent *work*, done with skill and wisdom learned in a demanding apprenticeship. Mr. Deedy works like that; I am surprised that he talks as if Catholic journalism were for people who like to call themselves intellectuals instead of newspapermen.

Finally, I agree completely with Mr. Deedy that "the old Catholic press bugaboo" is "the unresolved conflict of freedom and authority." But this is also the "unresolved conflict" of *all* journalism and every journalist of every generation must deal wtih it in some form. However, I think *Catholic* journalists should strive to communicate with bishops and religious superiors (who have ultimate responsibility for most Catholic publications) about the nature, governing principles and purposes of good journalism, so that there may be as little conflict as possible, and freedom for responsible and competent Catholic journalists in providing the services to which readers are entitled so that they may successfully "seek God by engaging in temporal affairs and ordering them according to God's plan." (In the words of the Second Vatican Council's Constitution on the Church.)

The perfecting of Catholic journalism is a lifelong work for any individual, and an endless task for the generations. It requires enormous dedication, selflessness and patience—but thank God it leads to God.

JOSEPH A. BREIG

Reply

Where Mr. Breig and I part company is that in analyzing "the basic, indispensable, most valuable function of newspaper journalism" I would include commentary, along with Mr. Breig's "news, reporting, informing." Newspapers are not journals of opinion; nevertheless it is in commentary that a real strength of any newspaper lies. It is what gives direction and purpose to whatever a newspaper does; it is what determines the depth and character of the publication; it is precisely where the intellectual fits, but where he is missing in the Catholic press. Mere technicians can do the tasks outlined by Mr. Breig. Indeed, they can do them with exquisite skill and flawless style, and still leave the publication sterile. This, in a word, is the plight of the diocesan press by and large.

JOHN G. DEEDY JR.

Dr. Kearns Replies

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: The recent letter [March 5] by Father George Dunne, S.J., Assistant to the University President and Director of Georgetown's 175th Anniversary public relations and

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fund-raising program, clearly validates a central thesis of Paul Goodman's *Community of Scholars*—that one of the chief functions of the modern university administrator is to keep the professors separated from the students. Father Dunne charges that, as a professor, I am guilty of bending an ear to my students' criticisms of the lack of a vital intellectual life at Georgetown when I should have been paying attention to the good notices *Time* magazine and the UPI gave some of the Anniversary Year speakers.

Certainly the Anniversary Year program has had a stimulating effect at Georgetown, but Father Dunne's objections to my articles and the student criticisms as being ill-timed are somewhat puzzling in view of the fact that the Anniversary speakers did not appear on campus until several months after the criticisms were made. Moreover, Father Dunne conveniently ignores the fact that the talks and symposia referred to in his letter are not usual occurrences in the intellectual life of Georgetown but represent a considerable cash investment made by the University during a special anniversary fund-raising year.

There would also seem to be some question as to the extent of the effect had by the various Anniversary programs on student intellectual life. As one student publication put it: "In recent years there has been such a fixation at Georgetown on this question of 'image' and 'publicity' and 'public relations' needed to produce this image that one often wonders whether the process of 'promoting' education has become interchangeable with selling automobiles, and if so, whether we are all academic equivalents to Edsel owners. During the 175th Anniversary celebration, the Anniversary House brought distinguished leaders to the campus, not primarily to produce an intellectual dialogue with the students, but to produce an image."

It is not clear, moreover, what relation the Anniversary programs had to the facts of political and economic life at Georgetown. What relevance does

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NUMBING THE PUBLIC

Prime Minister Wilson has upset a considerable number of British voters by tailoring some of his views on Vietnam to the current Washington line. Though not totally happy with the course Washington is pursuing, he has reversed himself on a key point by insisting that the war is essentially not a civil war in the South, but an overt war of aggression from the North. The interesting point is that the lack of substantial evidence for the switch in interpretation arouses so many Britons, while most Americans seem able to swallow it whole.

The temptation to take the State Department's version of the war at face value is not being widely resisted. A handful of smaller publications, plus the New York *Times*, sift the Washington pronouncements and turn up distortions, omissions and half-truths. Reports of the widespread defections in the South Vietnamese army and the narrowing base of popular support for the government we currently maintain in Saigon do not gain much exposure. McGeorge Bundy insists the Vietcong's 81-mm mortars are not American-made, while the New York *Times*' Charles Mohr gets a Pentagon spokesman to admit that the guns have to be American, since no other army in the world uses weapons of such a caliber. The laboriously produced White Paper, designed to put the onus for the war on North Vietnam, ignores uncongenial evidence and substitutes flat assertion for the massive gaps in the State Department's position. I. F. Stone asks when the government is going to stop lying to the people.

The raids on the North, we think, are defensible if intended as a prelude to negotiation. But how effective are they, how far are we willing to carry them in the absence of a negotiating mood on the part of the North Vietnamese? From the first, the American public has had precious little information about the raids, and that little has been consistently challenged by independent analysts of the war. After the first raid, February 7, on Dong Hoi, Secretary McNamara described the target area as a staging area for sending soldiers and supplies into South Vietnam.

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But Bernard Fall, one of the most knowledgeable analysts of Vietnam, wonders how Dong Hoi could be a secret staging area since it houses the three-nation Geneva conference commission. India and Canada are commission members. Wouldn't they have informed the U.S. if Dong Hoi were really a staging area?

Similar problems arise over the impact of the raids. Washington's record of candor here is not impressive. Its raids on the Laos trails, for instance, which were not admitted until long after public complaints and mounting evidence, were described as punishingly effective. Denis Warner, writing in *The Reporter* last week, calls them "low-key, irresolute and unsuccessful . . . more of an irritant and perhaps even a stimulant, than a hazard." In other words, the Laos raids may have been bungled so badly that they defeated their express purpose. Could the same thing be happening in the raids on the North? These attacks are quickly labeled successful and the rhetoric of pilots is frequently quoted. Few details are offered. In several cases pilots have not circled back to assess damage, and in the most recent raid, on Vucon, no appraisal of damage was given at all.

Meanwhile, whether or not the raids are hitting anything, they are escalating in size and proximity to Hanoi. The public seems astonishingly content. The first raids, by a handful of planes on a few shacks just over the border, drew banner headlines across the nation. Now three or four raids a week, with as many as 120 planes going deep into North Vietnamese territory, draw scant interest and small headlines tucked inside the daily newspapers or at the bottom of Page One. Even the added restriction on American reporters in Vietnam, an understandable but ominous step against the only reliable guide to what is going on, has been greeted with indifference. One reporter claims it is the first major war in U.S. history in which the press has been kept from the scene of battle. The President's attempts to still the dissenting voices on Vietnam are something more than disturbing. There are some directions in which we may not care to go all the way with LBJ, and it would be nice to know about them in advance.

A CLEAN SWEEP?

The voting rights bill, once it is on the books, will presumably sweep away those Southern politicians most closely identified with white supremacy in an avalanche of new votes. In the process it may uncover a political Pandora's Box hidden under the snowy blanket. However, for either to happen the bill must be vigorously and imaginatively enforced. In the hands of a politically astute chief executive, such as President Johnson, it can be a refined instrument used for several purposes.

Nobody doubts the President's commitment to use the powers of the new bill as soon as they are available; the momentum of civil rights pretty much guarantees some change. But it is unlikely that Mr. Johnson will use his powers indiscriminately.

Practically, by holding the voter rights bill as an ax over the heads of his fellow Democrats in the South, President Johnson can virtually shape the party in his image. For a regular party man like the President, that image, with the best intentions in the world, all but excludes such para-political groups as the Freedom Democratic Party which will be seeking power. Instead, if the experience of the past year and a half is any guide, we can expect a pacified Democratic Party, amenable to consensus politics, telephoned instructions, and that very massive question mark on the horizon known as the "Great Society."

On the other hand, the situation in the South offers another possibility beyond Administration politics of the center or a recoup of the GOP's losses in 1964. And that is the latent progressivism of the South, which has historical roots and a glimpse of which was to be had at the last Democratic Convention when delegates of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party were seated with the help of liberal Northern allies. As a demonstration of liberal-progressive action, it accurately reflected the minority status of that section of the party, but it also pointed up the importance of that minority as a critical force in the party at-large.

In line with this, it is interesting to note that in Macon County, Alabama, where Negro registration already has been accomplished through arduous court battles, the voting pattern in a recent local election revealed a strong neo-populist strain. Rightist politics played no important role in the election, and both white and Negro office-seekers were free to turn their attention to the region's real problems, which go back to New Deal days and before, when an expanding Midwestern populism threatened to infect the masses of poor Southern whites. The coalition failed, partly because of the race issue, but the political descendants of both groups, joined for the moment in the Democratic Party, are needed more than ever. Those who think the South still has something to offer the nation would do well to watch the course of its party politics over the next few years, especially with an eye to strong enforcement of the voting rights bill.

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CAIRO AND BONN

The effort to maintain something of a strategic balance in the Middle East is partly responsible for the present enmity between West Germany and the United Arab Republic. The poorly concealed decision last fall to send Israel 150 Patton tanks for the sake of this balance, and the maintenance of peace, apparently started Nasser on his course. One hostile step has led to another with the two embattled nations. About all Bonn has left to bargain with in Cairo is its contingent of 400 aircraft and rocket specialists.

In this bitter dispute Nasser has occupied the driver's seat. He extended the red carpet to Walter Ulbricht of East Germany, which he threatened to recognize unless Bonn canceled an $80,000,000 arms sale to Israel. West Germany complied but ended economic aid to Egypt and sought diplomatic relations with Israel for the first time. Whereupon Nasser called upon the thirteen Arab nations to break relations with Bonn and to recognize East Germany.

West Germany wants, with its allies, to prevent war between the Arab states and Israel, while Soviet Russia views such a conflict as a means of dislodging Western influence from the Middle East. But the Germans are primarily concerned about the effect of recent developments on the eventual reunification of their country. Recognition by several Arab states would give East Germany a boost toward permanent sovereignty. So far it can boast of embassies only in twelve Communist countries, with consulates, in addition, eleven Asian and African states.

Such recognition would come at a time when East Germany is making real headway economically and quietly building up its armed forces. What can the Erhard government do to forestall such progress toward nationhood? All hands agree that the ten-year-old Hallstein formula, which penalizes any nation except Soviet Russia with a break in relations if it recognizes East Germany, is no longer effectual—especially as Bonn is busy building up trade relations with the Eastern European satellites. Such tensions underline the urgency of an East-West agreement on a mutually acceptable German settlement.

THE NUN AS HERO

What patrols Southern streets in bands, wears hoods, carries crosses, and is not the Ku Klux Klan? The answer is obvious. Nuns.

The emergence of the nun is a phenomenon to be reckoned with, and not only by Alabama sheriffs. Three news stories in the past weeks reveal the dimensions of the event. The first, of course, was the story about civil rights demonstrations, both in Selma and in Northern cities. When two sisters joined a civil rights picket line in Chicago, in the spring of 1963, the resulting photograph grabbed the first page of *Time*'s news section as well as of the Chicago papers. Today, no self-respecting demonstration would take place without a black habit or two.

The second news story concerned two scientifically qualified nuns who recently received letters from the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. The letters hopefully suggested they "might be interested in applying for astronaut training. . . ." And the third news item reported the resignation of the nun president of a woman's college; the retiring president was leaving her post to take a position with the Job Corps of the Office of Economic Opportunity.

All this activity raises the most serious kind of question. For example, should a nun really join the War on Poverty? Will outsiders mistakenly expect help in a War on Chastity or Obedience? Would one nun astronaut require another—as traveling companion? And beyond those matters, there is the pressing issue of evaluating the nun's role in American culture.

It is well known that, in recent years, writers and critics have chosen a variety of figures as keys with which to analyze American culture. For awhile it was the Jew-as-culture-hero. Then it was the Negro-as-culture-hero. Now, we are suggesting, the time has arrived for the nun-as-culture-hero. The continuity is clear. Each of these figures is a "marked" man. Each is an "outsider" of sorts, who thus can act as an American conscience, a touchstone of justice. He (or, rather, she) is disinterested, is no special pleader. When we behold the nun deeply involved, we are reassured; this must be pure conscience, since Sister obviously has nothing special to gain.

Without doubt, the nun-as-culture-hero idea will take a lot of work before it catches on. Graduate students will have to finecomb *Huckleberry Finn* and *Moby Dick* and Benjamin Franklin's *Autobiography* searching for nun-symbols. A few nun novels (preferably written by Jews or Negroes) will have to hit the best seller list. Something in the Pop Art line might help—say, a Supernun comic strip.

Nevertheless, the basic idea is solid; its cogency will certainly be seen. We look forward eagerly to the republication of the Maria Monk books—with alternative introductions by Lionel Trilling and Maxwell Geismar, telling us what they were *really* about.

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ALL THINGS CONSIDERED

THROUGH BLACK GLASSES

The Negro Revolt is a fact; nineteen million black Americans are determined to be free. After Selma, even the most complacent white citizen must know that. But Negroes and whites inevitably see the problem through different eyes, as Dr. Smith's article in this issue emphasizes.

What does the Negro want? If he might once have been satisfied with small goals, that day is gone. The new Negro wants equality, and he will settle for nothing less. He wants the right to vote, in practice as well as in theory, in Selma and McComb as well as in Harlem. He wants equal job opportunities, and to make sure these are really equal he wants integrated education for his children. He wants equality in housing, and he wants the chance to live in an integrated neighborhood.

How does the white see all this? The eruption of riots and counter-riots made me look back to a study on the subject done by *Newsweek* in 1963. Events since then have confirmed rather than weakened the findings of that survey. Among whites, even those who favor civil rights often fear that mass demonstrations will lead to violence. The Negro revolution is by and large committed to non-violence; indeed, one of the happy findings of a recent study is that fewer and fewer Negroes think violence will be necessary to win their rights. But on this point there is one big difference between white liberals and the Negro; fear of violence is not enough to make the Negro call off his demands. He hopes violence will not take place, but if violence or the risk of violence is the price of freedom, he is willing to pay it.

Years ago Gunnar Myrdal wrote about what he christened the American dilemma, the contrast between our national dream and our actual practice. "The white man," *Newsweek* put it, "is eternally torn between the right that he knows and the wrong that he does." Seventy-six percent of all American whites recognize that the Negro is the victim of prejudice; even in the South, sixty percent concede this point. The majority grant that Negroes have been relegated to second-class schools, to the most menial jobs, and to the poorest housing. They are willing to make amends—but only to a point.

In North and South alike, *Newsweek* found that whites favored laws that would guarantee equality on the part of Negroes. A national majority of sixty-three percent favored the Democratic Administration's civil rights bill, including its public accommodations provision, and would even support a federal fair employment practices law. As for the Supreme Court decision ending school segregation, white America endorsed it by almost two to one.

This is the positive side of the picture. But there is another side. If white America endorses the Supreme Court on school desegregation two to one, it also is convinced by the same proportion that Negroes are "moving too fast." White Americans accept the idea of demonstrations in theory, but in fact they strongly object to specific picketing, boycotts, sit-ins and lie-ins. They support "good" housing for Negroes—but not next door to them! Most whites fear and shun social contacts with Negroes, and the survey reaction to interracial dating and marriage is overwhelmingly negative.

In short, the picture that emerged from the *Newsweek* survey was of a white man confused and uncertain, simultaneously entertaining contradictory convictions and emotions. And the reason seems to be that the white man's image of the Negro is itself conflicting and confused, "half Stepin Fetchit – lazy, unwashed, shiftless, unambitious, slow-moving—and half Sportin' Life—cunning, lewd, flashy, strong, fearless, immoral and vicious."

No wonder the Negro leader has problems, problems well described by Robert Penn Warren in his March 23 *Look* piece, "The Negro Now." The Negro has come a long way in the last ten years, and Negro leaders know it. Thousands are voting who never voted before, thousands attend previously segregated schools, thousands live for the first time in integrated neighborhoods. But again there is another side of the picture. One out of every five Negro workers is unemployed. Negro family income is 53% of white income, and the situation gets worse, not better. Of one million young people out of school and out of work, half are Negroes. Negro infant mortality is increasing, and the Negro adult life span is seven years shorter than the white.

In short, as *Look* put it, "Unless the situation of the Negroes can be relieved, unless he can be drawn productively into the economic mainstream of American life, civil rights become a travesty." And with even these civil rights evading him, in Selma and in Harlem, is it any wonder if the Negro leader occasionally sounds somewhat frantic?

JAMES O'GARA

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MEANWHILE, IN MISSISSIPPI

BARDWELL L. SMITH

A year ago Drew Pearson called McComb, Mississippi, "one of the most terrorized cities in the United States." A Southern white Episcopal priest who works full-time in the civil rights movement labelled it "the most divided and fear-ridden community" he had ever seen. A visit to McComb now, while the spotlight shines on Alabama, could leave one with a different impression. Bombings have ceased. Brutalities are rare. Harassment is less evident. The era of "law and order," urged by the now-famous McComb manifesto issued last November by 650 civic leaders, is in effect. To test a situation by its outward form alone, however, makes little sense. The month following the manifesto there appeared in Magnolia (a community five miles to the south and the seat of Pike County) a statement supported by some 1100 citizens which, in effect, repudiated the earlier document. Certain names even appeared on both lists of signers. The power structure remains unchanged, and the unyielding reality of white supremacy remains the intention of those in control. There is no substantial evidence to the contrary.

Most whites in Mississippi still live under multiple illusions. One is that Negroes would rather have separate facilities. Another is that, had it not been for agitation from the outside, relations between colored and white would have improved gradually. The smell of freedom is a threat to insecure and culture-bound persons of either race. To the Negro, it is understandably a threat to the limited security he has possessed over the years in the midst of an ever-precarious and disenfranchised existence. To risk losing the little one has is a challenge few but the courageous or the desperate will attempt. To the white, such freedom is more obviously a danger, since it challenges the entire way of life upon which he has been reared.

It is impossible, of course, to know whether the Southerner's obsessive fear of the Negro (hence his attempted emasculation of him) would have developed had the years following the Civil War been a period of genuine reconstruction. The South emerged from this struggle desolate and hostile. A parallel exists in the economic and social plight of Germany after World War I. In both cases the bitterness and emotional insecurity which accompanied defeat and impoverishment contributed in due time to the search for a convenient scapegoat. The Negro, as the Jew later in Nazi Germany, became the target of despair and the inability to create an authentic future. Faulkner's novels portray the dilemma of a people whose pride had been shattered, yet whose guilt over hatred drove them inexorably, from remorse to further abuse and self-contempt.

This same guilt could lead to the radical (perhaps even sudden) excision of what is the cancerous product of a long-term disease. It could become the catalyst which emancipates the white person from the consequences of his own servitude, which frees him not just to accept fully the humanity of the Negro but also, by implication, to discover his own. If this occurs, it would be quite in order for the Southerner to make *his* pilgrimage to the North, to agitate and work for human rights amidst the urban blight. In the meantime the focus must remain on the South. In the words of one of

BARDWELL L. SMITH *teaches in the Religion Department at Carleton College, Minnesota. He recently visited McComb and Hattiesburg under the auspices of the Delta Ministry of the National Council of Churches of Christ.*

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Lillian Smith's characters, "my reason tells me that the core of the trouble is in the South, its malignant center is here and we must cure it at its center before we can rid the North of its infection"——words, perhaps, that only a Southerner should write.

Dual and Unequal

Driving west from Hattiesburg one comes upon McComb out of low rolling hills and scattered pine groves. Here and there along the way one passes herds of Black Angus and Herefords, a noticeable change from one decade back, an indication of the state's efforts to diversify its economy, to emerge from chronic depression. As one drives through McComb, heading for Freedom House, one is instantly aware that its 12,000 citizens part company down the middle, along the tracks of the Illinois Central. "Across the tracks" has its economic and social connotations as always, but here the tracks serve as a convenient color barrier as well. With certain exceptions, to the east, in frame houses and brick developments, upon dirt or badly broken roads, lives the colored population. To the west, lies the town itself with a significant range of white dwellings, from poor to simple to moderately expensive. The school system is dual and unequal. The churches are carefully segregated. Job discrimination is assumed. The partitions which have kept the races in their separate worlds for generations remain intact. On the surface there is little or no detectable change.

But this too is deceptive. The revolution began in this divided community four years ago when several hundred Negro high school and elementary school students staged a walk-out to protest gross inequality within the educational system. The leader of this demonstration, a twelve-year old girl, was dismissed from school. She has not been allowed readmission. This past fall a "list of grievances," drawn up by twelve high school students, was circulated to authorities within the county and state, as well as to official Washington including the President, the Supreme Court, and the Attorney General. In all likelihood, this protest will cause little stir, but it was crucial for Negro morale that it be made. Local action and initiative are inseparable ultimately from the whole picture. The signers of the list, nevertheless, remained anonymous, lest reprisals be taken against their parents.

This same fear justifiably restrains a large segment of the Negro community from involving itself in what is commonly referred to as the "movement". Though the going-rate is no more than 30-40¢ an hour, Negro women, for example, dare not jeopardize their employment as domestics in white homes. It is a hard choice to make and is one which is frequently misunderstood by whites and colored alike. The apparent passivity of so many Negro citizens has encouraged the whites to believe that the majority of Negroes resent "outside agitation" and has tempted Negro activists (mostly among the young) to portray the so-called "uninvolved" as simply Uncle Toms—both oversimplifications of why a large number of the colored community do not actively resist the "establishment." The truth is, they cannot afford to.

Before last summer the burden of civil rights work over the years within Mississippi had been on the shoulders of a few heroic individuals, most of whom had worked through the NAACP or the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC). In mid-June, 1964, the tempo of the civil rights effort stepped up. McComb's role in this may have been what turned the tide. While ambivalent in many cases about the presence of Negro and white COFO workers throughout the summer, the colored community in McComb suddenly jelled into unanimity with the bombings of late September. The limits of Negro endurance had been reached. A corner was turned in the community which marked the end of an era. While the majority remains reluctant to identify openly with those who work out of Freedom House, there has been a growing acceptance of them and an unmistakable gratitude for their presence. More important, a commitment to a new kind of future was born during these days.

COFO is busy in voter education and registration, community center programs, freedom schools, food and clothing distribution, and in mustering support for the Freedom Democratic Party. While work with the FDP was important last summer and fall, it is particularly crucial now because of the challenge to the five representatives elected from Mississippi. This challenge is based upon the conviction that Negroes are systematically deprived of the vote in that state. Considerable evidence to support this has been amassed during the past two months with the assistance of COFO, workers for the National Council of Churches, and more than a hundred lawyers from outside Mississippi. The state will have the same amount of time to prepare evidence to the contrary and the matter will be debated in the House of Representatives some time this spring.

Role of COFO

The non-violent nature of COFO's activity is a miracle in itself. From Lillian Smith again: "You need to be a saint to stay non-violent in the Delta. You're ringed

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with violence, internal and external; it's everywhere. How are you to meet this violence with the ordinary love and compassion of an ordinary man or woman? It just can't be done. OK. I'm glad I said it. It just can't be done." The answer is that those who are committed both to equal opportunity for the Negro citizen and to non-violent means of achieving this are not, in many respects, ordinary men and women. Hatred of the power structure and its incumbents erupts continually. Impatience with Negroes who refuse to risk more than

they have; disgust with whites who remain either indifferent or uninvolved; disillusionment with the Federal government which moves only 'in extremis': these are some of the factors which repeatedly plague those in the movement, tempting them to what might be called natural or ordinary bitterness, i.e., to violence of spirit. The miracle is that this so rarely takes the form of physical violence or bloodshed. Instead, it usually is turned in upon themselves and the drama of absorbing hostility produces persons called to extraordinary maturity and dedication.

A second ingredient of the COFO approach (indeed, of the civil rights movement generally) is its intrinsic respect for a community based upon law. Such a remark draws immediate objection from those who decry demonstrations and who see no merit in civil disobedience whatsoever, regardless of circumstance. How can violation of local statutes, they ask, lead to anything but disrespect for law 'per se'? Is not such action lawlessness itself, the essence of anarchy? Much has been written on this subject recently. One qualified, but strong, support for the necessity of civil disobedience in the face of tyranny came from the 1964 General Convention of the Episcopal Church: "If and when the means of legal recourse have been exhausted or are demonstrably inadequate, the Church recognizes the right of all persons for reasons of informed conscience to disobey such laws, so long as such persons: a) accept the just penalty for their action; b) carry out their protest in a non-violent manner; c) exercise severe restraint in using this privilege of conscience, because of the danger of lawlessness attendant thereto." Far from being anarchy, therefore, protest of unjust laws (combined with the willingness to pay the necessary penalty) constitutes the highest regard conceivable for the potentially just "due process of law."

A third component of the COFO philosophy is peculiarly an outgrowth of SNCC's experience in the field. In brief, it is a new form of an ancient pedagogical method. In practice, it resembles the Socratic approach, the Talmudic process of critical and open inquiry, the dialogic give-and-take. In its freedom schools and throughout its program generally, one observes a fresh and exciting understanding of the educational process itself. Stemming in part from disillusionment with the academic rat-race across the nation in which parents, children, teachers, and administrators conspire to perpetuate a system of ruthless competition, irrelevant scholarship, and preoccupation with status, the freedom schools in Mississippi are a direct challenge to the tendency of Negro schools to adopt uncritically the standards and values of the white community. The freedom schools are designed to be both challenge and antidote to the traditional approaches to learning, in fact, to the customary reasons for being educated. Contextual in orientation, these schools seek primarily to develop creative individuals, persons committed and trained to serve society's needs, rather than contribute further to its problems through their own self-seeking. The emphasis is therefore more upon the discovery of meaning than the impartation of knowledge, more upon the responsibilities of acquired excellence than the achievement of excellence alone.

A fourth element which works hand in glove with their educational philosophy is their rejection of paternalism. A major share of COFO's purpose is to help the Southern Negro discover and utilize his intrinsic worthwhileness as a person, to prepare him for leadership within society at large. So long has the Negro been hemmed in between the demeaning arrogance of white supremacy and the well-intentioned but still condescending charity which has substituted for justice that he finds it almost impossible to have the confidence and self-respect each person needs in order to be both free and responsible. Immediately, this means that he must be encouraged to glory in his blackness and to shed the shame white citizens have thrust upon him. Ultimately, of course, it means that he must take full part in the continuing reconstruction which the South and all parts of the nation must experience if the rights, welfare, and dignity of each person are to be observed.

Fifthly, the entire COFO effort represents a radical

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but constructive indictment upon American society, not simply of its trivialities but of values and assumptions which lie close to the core. The assumptions of white Anglo-Saxon Protestantism, as they have been institutionalized and girded with prestige, can no longer enjoy the luxury of a privileged status. The most radical thing about COFO and others involved in this struggle is that they are calling upon America not to repudiate its dreams but to work harder at making the reality less inconsistent with what it conceives itself to be.

It would not be difficult, to be sure, to submit various aspects of COFO's approach to critique. At times, their posture inclines towards a judgmentalism which dismisses the value of other groups or persons (even within the movement) whose stances appear more compromising than their own. At other times, there is a proclivity to see themselves as somehow impervious to the basic trend of all movements, namely, the tendency to become structured, institutionalized, partially bureaucratized, even bourgeois with time and with success. These are fighting words to the movement, for structure is often seen as synonymous with pretension and hypocrisy, as that which is intrinsically resistant to change. While too frequently true, even a revolutionary movement comes to appreciate that long-term results emerge only when concrete programs are developed and implemented. The achievement of civil rights, after all, is only a first step towards the resolution of still more staggering problems within our society.

Further Parallel

The analogy between Germany in the 1930's and the South following the Civil War can be developed even further. There are devastating and insidious parallels, for instance, between the way in which supporters of fascism and supporters of segregationism seek recourse to the paranoid fear of Communism in order to justify the indefensible. It is time to make clear that federal enforcement of the Constitution cannot be equated with totalitarian encroachment. Federal assistance in the current struggle for civil rights is late, not premature.

Also, there are regrettable parallels between the illusion of the nineteen-thirties that the world could negotiate with Nazi Germany apart from strength and the current illusion of moderates in the civil rights struggle that negotiation for equal opportunities can be gained apart from action which reveals the strength of numbers and the extent of concern. As Martin Luther King, Jr. (a man who may know something about these matters) put it: "We have not made a single gain in civil rights without determined legal and non-violent pressure. History is the long and tragic story of the fact that privileged groups seldom give up their privileges voluntarily. . . . We know through painful experience that freedom is never voluntarily given by the oppressor; it must be demanded by the oppressed."

The wonder, again, is that these demonstrations have been so miraculously controlled. The tragedy is that this disciplined protest is taken advantage of, by both black and white, not only by those who would resist violently or by those who lose faith in the cause when victory demands both sacrifice and indefinite perseverance, but even more by those who see this as somebody else's struggle. The latter is the *real* threat in the battle for civil rights, i.e., that the majority whose will *can* triumph in a democratic society will never stir from silence or will become disheartened in the face of a protracted struggle. The role of the churches and synagogues should be of obvious importance here. At present, however, their efforts remain isolated, sporadic, and unconvincing.

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SISTER MARY JONATHAN, O.P.

AUDIENCE

Pigeons are making
fountains of themselves, spraying
up to a froth, to tumble
and spill in their poor park
inside the railroad yards.

As the train slides out
from a lull of steam and they
trickling to pools must spout again, they
flush and ripple down loose,
with a fuller sway,

sow drops daintier
from their lavish foam, cascade
slower, and no wonder: if, purple
as water, the shadows of the moving
cars, a jagged darkening,

the clack increasing,
seem clapping hands to the pigeons.
Clearly, they are not
frightened. Their splash is
louder than the train.

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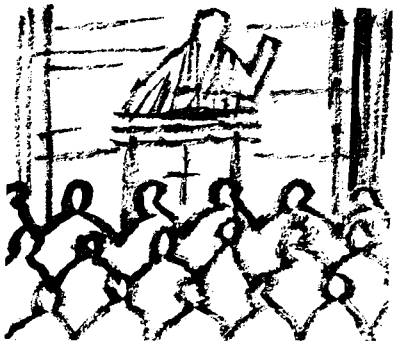

LITURGY, ASIAN STYLE

Eastern Christians are suspicious of the new

ROBERT J. LEDOGAR

While the intellectuals in Europe are speculating whether or not it will be possible some day for Japanese Christians to celebrate the Eucharist using rice and sake rather than bread and wine, in Japan itself, as in the rest of Asia, the real liturgical problems are much more prosaic. Adaptation is a wonderful ideal, but you first have to know what it is that you are adapting. If there were intelligent and active participation in the liturgy that now exists some real work on adaptation could begin.

But the Word of God is heard as little in the Churches of Asia as in the West. Dialogue between sanctuary and nave is about as uncommon there as here, and communal singing of the people's parts in the liturgy needs restoring at both ends of the globe. It is in these areas that the real spade-work needs to be done, and it is not all that different when you are on the other end of the Pacific Ocean. In both places the Church must take her liturgy as it is and do her best to restore what is meaningful in it.

But why, it may be asked, must the young churches of Asia be forced to undergo this slow, painful process? Why should our brothers in the East be shackled with what, after all, are the traditions of the West? Why not throw out the old Roman liturgy that no one understands and start over with a radically new and adapted one? How nice it would be if the mission in Asia were of unencumbered experimentation, if we could avoid there all the mistakes that weigh against renewal in the West. We should not have to fight against traditions and old habits, against Latin and novenas and all the inertia implied in the complaint: "They're changing our religion."

Imagine the chance to take an unspoiled pagan, initiate him from the very start through meaningful rites and biblically-founded catechesis into the true nature of Christianity, baptize him into a young and enthusiastic Christian community vibrating with new life, centered around the Sunday altar and capable of bearing witness to the incarnate Christ through forms thoroughly adapted to the psychology of the Orient. Why impose Latinisms and constipated Roman gestures and vernacularized Gregorian chant? What we want is a thoroughly Japanese liturgy, a Chinese liturgy, an Indian liturgy, some reformers are demanding.

Problems in Adaptation

But this is not facing the facts. Christianity has been in the East for a long time. The Spanish and the Portuguese brought the piety of the sixteenth century there with them, its art and its architecture, and, yes, its superstitions. And it was a very easy thing, and, in the eyes of some, an enlightened mission-method, to substitute the rosary for prayer beads and the saints for lesser manifestations of Buddha and vigil lights for joss-sticks and the nine first Fridays for "their special days and months and seasons and years."

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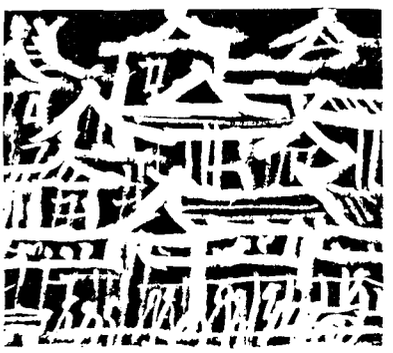
The nucleus of a Christian community exists nearly everywhere. These Asian Christians may be aliens to their own culture, marginals with a ghetto mentality, but they are the chosen race, the "remnant." To turn our backs on them is the answer to nothing. And if the only effective apostolate is that of like to like, that of the indigenous layman, we have to take this indigenous layman as he is. He is very often a man to whom Christianity is the one solid thing in a world of upheaval, the one unchanging hope in the midst of poverty, insecurity and social unrest. He has chosen Christianity and painfully sacrificed many of his ancestors' traditions because to him the name Peter has come to mean Rock. He is not looking for what is modern, nor for what is ancient, but for what is timeless. And often enough he has encountered eternity through the rosary, through a cheap image of the Sacred Heart, or in the tinkling of the bell at a silent Low Mass.

Sometimes this kind of Christianity is a case of pure alienation. Often enough, however, we have a man deeply in love with his country and his people and convinced that only Christ can save civilization. But he has little time for subtle distinctions about what is essential and what is ephemeral in Christianity. It was post-Reformation Catholicism that he embraced and there lurks in his subconscious the silent fear that if you remove that adjective, the noun might disappear as well.

Asian Christians are suspicious of the liturgical apostolate because it is something new, and because it is usually pushed by beardless young foreign priests who never knew persecution, are uncommonly friendly with Buddhists and Protestants, and are a bit naive in their willingness to adapt to Christian worship elements from other religions that retain strong connotations of superstition or eroticism for the people themselves. An Indian bishop related rather triumphantly, "I took one of those modern pictures of Christ in Indian dress and put it in the front of my Church for a whole day. The people came up to it, looked and shook their heads."

Time and again you get the refrain: "The people don't like it," from disappointed young missioners, from reassured old missioners, and from the Europe-trained indigenous clergy. And they are right. The people don't like it — at first anyway. Of course that is not a valid criterion, and many people realize this. But the modern missionary is trained to avoid imposing his ideas imperiously, and he would like the changes to come from the local clergy. And these local clergy in turn reflect the conservatism of the people and are often more enamored of things Roman than the missionaries are.

For all these reasons the fact of having a conciliar document such as the Constitution on the Sacred Liturgy from the Second Vatican Council is even more important in Asia than in Europe and America. We now have clear directives from the central authority of the Church. The response will come very slowly, but it will come. Proposals for use of the vernacular were sent to Rome by nearly all the national episcopal conferences, within months of the Constitution's promulgation.



The bishops of Korea have already erected qualified and effective commissions on catechetics and the liturgy. Sessions and study-weeks for the priests have begun. Taiwan and Hong Kong have acted similarly. The Bishops of Japan made a first step in the direction of adaptation by eliminating genuflections in favor of the more traditional bow and doing away with the thoroughly European custom of kissing a bishop's ring. In themselves these are rather piddling things that common sense should perhaps have called for four-hundred years ago (the first Japanese ritual did, as a matter of fact, leave out the joining of hands at marriage because it did not correspond to their customs) but they are significant signs of a new trend.

Renewal in the Far East does have elements in its favor. The silent Mass is almost unknown in the Churches of Asia. The early missioners composed prayers which paraphrase, or at least allude to, the different parts of the Mass and a catechist usually leads the congregation in these prayers in approximate synchronization with the priest's progress at the altar. The old Chinese Prayer-Book, composed in the seventeenth century and still used in many places, was perhaps the source of this tradition. A recent critical study of this book by Father Paul Brunner of the East Asian Pastoral Institute has pointed out some of its shortcomings. It was adapted to a certain moralizing tendency of the Chinese, but it was not adapted to the

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true nature of the Mass and its biblical foundations. Many errors can be committed in the name of adaptation.

When the celebrant arrives at the altar to begin Mass in many of the older Churches of Hong Kong or Taiwan, Japan or Korea, a high-pitched male voice from somewhere in the crowd begins a monotonous chant that is taken up by all and carried on, with only short pauses, right through the Canon to the end. It sounds like active participation; it is really more like two forms of worship, a private Latin Mass and a community vernacular devotion service being carried on simultaneously. Had it not been for Communion and the Leonine prayers all these years, there would have been no exchange between altar and people at all. Nevertheless, the people *are* accustomed to something more than the total silence of the Irish tradition.

Liturgical Music

A critical area in the whole question of liturgical adaptation is that of liturgical music. In places like Korea, Taiwan and the Philippines, modern American jazz and classical European music are in full vogue. Consequently, many are hesitant about adapting, for liturgical usage, native musical forms which the younger generation has almost entirely repudiated. Here we have a typical dilemma for the missionary. Must we impose upon a struggling, foreign-staffed Church the duty of preserving through its liturgy the musical heritage of a nation that is itself enthusiastic for nothing but the foreigner's very own type of music?

Ideally one might say that the Church will do a great service to the nation and to civilization by preserving the musical riches of the past for the day when all the pro-Western fads die down and the people return to their own traditions. But there are so many more pressing tasks, and so many rootless young people who want modernity or nothing. What does the true spirit of adaptation call for in this case?

Even in the face of such a dilemma, something better could be given to the Asian Church than what it has had up till now. The Mass of the Angels, "Nearer my God to Thee," and even "Daily Daily sing to Mary" can be heard today in Korean or Chinese or Tagalog. The problem here lies with the liturgical life of the home countries that staff the Asian Churches. If such is all that the foreign missioner himself knows or likes, you can hardly expect him to recognize a better native melody when he hears it. There are legitimate reasons why the Church cannot just shed its European culture overnight. But there is less excuse for importing the products of our most degenerate periods. It is no accident, I think, that the first Japanese Mass was composed by a Swiss priest with a German-sounding name. It takes a cultivated man to appreciate someone else's culture. (One might add that candidates for the foreign missions are not going to be helped very much in this regard by the new English liturgy. Gregorian chant is objectively a better preparation for "cultural transfer" than Father Clarence River's Mass.)

Ultimately, of course, the liturgical music of Japan must be composed by Japanese, but the indigenous composer must receive the foreigner's enlightened encouragement. This work has already begun and results can be seen in certain new compositions. Except for South-Eastern India, however, where a whole repertoire of Tamil church music is available, the musical situation is poor by any cultural standards.

The problem of church architecture is just as complicated. Thirty years ago, you were very *avant garde* if you built your church in the style of a Buddhist or Shinto temple. But the people never liked it much. Nowadays the trend of those who have enough money is toward International-Modern — and the Christians are still not over-enthusiastic about this. In any case, the average American missioner (and this may come as a surprise to some) usually does not have as much money as, say, his German confrere, to build a big modern church.

I think this is a blessing in disguise. When the American does have money for extras the result is often a disaster. Usually he is reduced to constructing a simple rectangle out of cement-block made on the premises, and covering it with a corrugated iron roof. He has to be honest about it and this is his saving grace.

The trouble is that simplicity is not very popular. Plain churches don't have much "face." When a Maryknoller in Korea built a plain cinder-block church and asked his people what they thought, they conceded "It's nice," and then added "but not as nice as *Chang Ho Wun*." *Chang Ho Wun* is a cathedral in the wilderness built by a French missioner at the turn of the century. His ideal of a Church must have consisted in a cross between Lourdes and *Sacré Coeur de Montmartre*. The people's liking for it is symptomatic. For the triumphalism of the Second Empire has rubbed off on Catholicism in Korea just as it has on the whole Church. It is easy to condemn it. The only Christian answer, however, is to live with it, and through love of the people and through patient education, to transform it.

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Why the printers threaten to strike

DEATH OF A CRAFT?

THOMAS R. BROOKS

Two years ago, the 114-day New York City newspaper strike ended on March 31. On the following day in the N.Y. *Times,* A. H. Raskin quoted a "top unionist" as saying, "This should be the strike to end all newspaper strikes." It was a widely shared view—then, about a strike with national implications. Today, no one is at all sure about the course of the current negotiations between the industry's ten craft unions, covering more than 17,000 employees, and the New York City Publishers' Association, representing the city's seven major newspapers. The ten contracts expire on March 30. The printers have already authorized a strike and, although Typographical Union No. 6 does not have a "no contract, no work" policy, "Big Six" President Bertram A. Powers indicated to me that the union negotiators felt that talks had gone on long enough (since October 19) to produce some results before the 30th and that the union was not looking forward to prolonged negotiations beyond the contract deadline.

The unions, however, are not eager for a strike. Even allowing for late Easter advertising, April isn't exactly a crucial month as far as newspaper revenue is concerned. The publishers are in a better position to take a strike now than they were when the 114-day strike began on December 8, 1962, at the peak of the Christmas advertising season. Still, according to Powers, the publishers are not entirely over the effects of the last strike. Certainly, both sides approach the March 30 deadline with caution, leaving plenty of room for negotiations.

John J. Gaherin, president of the Publishers' Association, thinks negotiations "are in pretty good shape, all things considered. All parties concerned are evidencing sincerity to achieve an early and amiable settlement, and I am confident those efforts will be fruitful."

Powers is less sanguine. Talks so far, he told me, "have had very slight results." The printers and the publishers "recessed" their talks in February ostensibly because of the lack of progress. Actually, the recess gave the Publishers group the opportunity to clear away issues before it and the other unions. Chiefly, the money question. The Association offered a weekly raise of $3.50 each year for a total of $10.50 over a three-year contract period. The Printing Pressmen are asking $15 a week in a two-year agreement, $9 the first year and $6 the second. (The Printers are asking for $15 in a one year agreement.) Several unions, including the Pressmen, are reportedly close to an agreement at this writing (early March). With the money question on its way to resolution, automation becomes the central issue, with Big 6, the chief union, affected this time around.

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The Crucial Issue

What makes the problem particularly explosive is that everybody, except perhaps the printers, thought that the issue was settled the last time as a result of the long strike. And so it was, in principle. Originally, the publishers sought the right to have all their Stock Exchange and other financial tables set into type automatically through Teletypesetter tape supplied by the wire services. They also offered to guarantee that no existing employee would lose his job as a result. The union asked that a share of the savings made possible through tape be contributed to an automation fund to defray the costs of retraining, early retirement benefits and supplementary unemployment benefits.

In the settlement, the use of Teletypesetter tape was limited to the stock market transactions, about two-thirds of the material the publishers wanted handled by outside tape, and a joint committee was set up to study the savings made and to decide on the amount of payments into the fund. If the committee could not reach an agreement on the amount, the matter was to go to arbitration. Unhappily, the joint committee was unable to agree on the amount to be paid into the fund. The union wanted all the direct savings, leaving what it terms "substantial" indirect savings to the publishers. The publishers balked at this. The first arbitration hearings were scheduled for March 22, a delay that has had

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the effect of re-opening the issue altogether. Since the ratio of sharing the savings from the use of outside tape has not been decided, the possible precedent for a wider use of automation remains very much up in the air.

Meanwhile, automation has become more and more feasible. The *Daily News*, The New York *Times* and the New York *Post* have all bought computers for use in speeding up the printing process. "After they [the computer industry] are through with the banks," says Powers wryly, "they move in on us." Computerized typesetting systems, reports Joe Bailey, third vice president of the ITU, are in use on 77 newspapers, including the Kansas City *Star*, the Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner*, the Boston *Herald-Traveler*, the Baltimore *Sun*, Jersey City *Journal* and the Washington *Post*, and 33 more are on order. "The twin development of computer hardware and applications continues to progress at a faster rate than most realize," reports the trade journal, *Printing Production* in its recent edition on the newspaper industry. And, in the *ITU Review* of February 4, 1965, a headline reads: "Electronic Eye Would Eliminate Most All Newspaper Typesetters."

The typographer's craft has changed very little since the introduction of the Linotype machine in 1886. The Linotype itself was an early form of automation, replacing the old hand, character-by-character setting of type by the casting of a single-line. The operator punches a keyboard, similar to that of a typewriter, releasing a matrix, or individual letter mold, which falls into an assembler. When a line has been assembled, the operator pulls a lever, sending the line into a molder for lead casting. After casting, the matrixes are redistributed automatically back to a magazine for re-use. While the machine sets type, the operator made two decisions requiring knowledge and training: He decided where to hyphenate words breaking the line and "justified" the line by spacing the words so each line ends squared off with the next. The computer completely automates typesetting by taking over these two decisions from the keyboard operator.

The Computer Revolution

To program a computer for typesetting is simple enough. Each letter in a given fount is given a numerical value describing its width. And, given the computer's fabulous "memory," there is no limit on the number of type faces that can be employed and there is no problem in switching from one face, measure, or size to another.

All an operator has to do when perforating a tape is to indicate the first and last word of a paragraph. The computer does the rest. The tape is fed into the computer which reads the copy and relates each letter to its numerical value. It then adds all the numerical values for all the letters and all the spaces that are to go into a line and swiftly and automatically makes the correct decisions on word hyphenation and line endings. Having established the correct total needed to end the line, the computer produces a tape which tells the line caster or photo composer exactly what letters the line will have and where it will end.

A competent linotype operator is defined in the ITU contract as a man who can set 375 lines an hour; the electro-typesetter can produce up to 12,000 11-pica lines an hour if input tape is continuously available. A perforator operator can punch tape for the computer at about 600 lines an hour. According to Powers, a linotype operator can set 3 lines a minute, the tape system, 12-14 lines a minute. Moreover, anyone who can use a typewriter can operate a paper tape perforator to set type for either photo or hot-metal composition. A crack New York City typist can earn $2-$2.50 an hour; a linotype operator earns $4.00 an hour on the day shift.

What has saved the printers so far is the high cost of computers, roughly $250,000 to buy. Printing experts say that the savings from the use of computers for hyphenation and justification do not warrant the investment. Real savings, however, are to be had when the computer can be applied to corrections and assembly procedures. And, this is the next stage of automation in the industry and the one that ultimately threatens the printer's job. This threat is embodied in the combination of the electronic eye, the computer and the photoprinter. According to the *ITU Review*, the Electronic Retina Character Reader "gives promise of chasing all humans out of composing rooms." The Retina scans copy, character by character, and is capable of punching unjustified tape ready for the computer. Four such machines, reports the ITU publication, are now in use and a fifth is scheduled for use on April 1 "in the office of a notoriously anti-ITU newspaper."

"The ominous potential of the Retina," continues the *ITU Review*, "cannot be played down." It reads words just like the human eye, rather than intermittently like a movie camera. It does so at a speed of 2,400 characters a second, or 28,000 words a minute. It can sense black, white and an infinite number of shades of gray, giving it the capacity to recognize and correct imperfections of copy.

The Retina is flexible with available configurations ranging from a single-font reader to a system capable of recognizing six or more type fonts intermixed with numerals, upper and lower case alphabetical characters,

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and special symbols in each. It can activate almost any printing apparatus that can be operated by electronic impulse—computers, Photons, line-casting machines, Linofilms, and so on. The Retina is costly, leasing at $9,000 to $17,000 a month or it can be purchased outright for $500,000. To be economically feasible, concludes the *ITU Review*, the Retina would have to replace 25 tape punchers.

Corrections are costly in both newspaper publishing and in a job printing shop. In the near future, however, it will be possible for a computer to photo-print a justified-hyphenated text for proofreading while storing the text in its memory until corrected instead of immediately punching out tape for the line-casting machines. This would save on the recasting in lead corrected lines. Even proofreading, with the aid of the Retina, which can compare corrected copy with the original, will be automated at great savings. Type, at least in the job shop, need never be set until all corrections have been made.

Uses of Attrition

Manless composing rooms, however, are still a thing of the future. Present systems still have too many bugs for newspapers with their deadlines and changing editions to rely upon. But the protection of existing jobs, retraining, and all other automation related issues can not be postponed much longer.

Attrition—the reduction of the workforce by deaths, resignations and retirements—is the publishers' answer to the problem of automation. On the surface, the publishers' promise that no one "regularly" employed at present will lose his job as a result of automation makes sense. But, as Powers is quick to point out, "it is only part of the answer to our problem."

Protection against job losses requires agreement on what jobs are to be protected. The union claims that under the present employer proposal as many as 25 percent of the printers in some shops would lose out, including some men with ten years' experience. The publishers, too, want not only unlimited freedom to introduce automated equipment but they also want to be free to hire outside typists for tape punching. The union wants its members retrained for that purpose. "In the long run," Powers told me, "we hope to gain with the publishers; meanwhile we want to survive as an organization."

"If we accept attrition," Powers explained, "with no other compensation for job losses, we will be unable to maintain our pensioners, present and future." He also said that the union wanted to accelerate the natural attrition rate by early retirement. To do so, said Powers, costs money. It takes six working printers now to carry one pensioner. If more printers are encouraged to retire, the ratio will increase.

Local 6 has 5,500 book and job members, 3,500 working for the newspaper publishers and 2,000 pensioners. There are 700 apprentices, or a six-year supply of new labor for the industry. The normal flow of workers is from the book and job side to the newspapers. If newspaper jobs dry up, the union fears that it will not have jobs enough for the newcomers. This, argues Powers, will require supplementary unemployment benefits.

When asked why the newspaper publishers should help to carry this financial burden (each division of the Local has its own welfare and pension system), Powers simply points out that the publishers have relied on book and job printing for a labor supply over the years and that it cannot simply turn its back on the printer frozen out of the job flow from one side of the printing industry to the other. The newspapers, with their greater capital resources, are in a better position to automate than job printers and their decision to do so affects all printers, Powers says.

Unlike the industrial unions, and many others, the ITU member pays for his pension benefits out of his dues, which are 6 percent of his weekly gross earnings. This breaks down as follows: 2.5 percent goes to an ITU pension fund, which pays pensioners, $22 a week; 1.5 percent goes to a Local 6 pension fund, which pays retired printers, $11 a week; and 1.5 percent is paid by the employers into a contract pension fund, which pays $40 a month, or close to $10 a week. Printers may retire at age 60 and work two day a week ($29 a day on day shift) without disturbing their pensions; at age 65, they can work a day a week without losing out on their pension payments. A retired printer, at age 60 and working two days a week, will have a little over $100 a week as against his full-time weekly rate for 37 hours of $145. It's not bad at all and printers are already what actuaries call a "low-age retirement group."

But it does place a financial strain on working printers that is bound to increase as their number declines. The local retirement fund is already running at a deficit. To end it will cost each member $1.40 a month. And this, the union fears, is only a beginning. Since these costs are likely to increase sharply as automation takes hold, the printers, not unreasonably it seems to me, are asking that the publishers set up an automation fund out of the savings brought on by automation. The industry, says Powers, faces a period of adjustment. "Our concern," he adds, "is that we have the wherewithal to make that adjustment."

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At the close of the 114-day strike in 1963, the publishers agreed in principle to an automation fund. What they need to do now is act on it. If they should do so, and this seems likely, the printers will have a much needed cushion. And some, no doubt, will survive as computer punch operators or machinists servicing the new machines. Powers, essentially, is an optimist. He believes that after the period of adjustment, printing will be "a great industry. Costs will go down; more things will be printed." He obviously hopes that the union will survive. But the observer can't escape the feeling that he is watching a once great craft die.

A controversial French novel

'THE NEW PRIESTS'

ROBERT BARRAT

Since it first appeared four months ago, the novel, *Les Nouveaux Prêtres,* ("The New Priests") has raised a storm among French Catholics. It is in essence a critique of the post-war French missionary priests, viewed from the extreme right-wing. The author, Michel de Saint-Pierre, is a cousin of Henri de Montherlant and, like him, a specialist in writing about the nobility. Here he has written a tract attacking all that is freshest and most dynamic in the French church.

The novel has for its background a commune in the "Red" suburbs, Villedieu. Its protagonists are two progressivist priests (the "new priests"), and two conservative ones: Florian, the old pastor, who stays in his room and concentrates on learned studies and the abbé, Paul Delance, a saintly young man recently arrived from the seminary. Two conceptions of the missionary apostolate are about to clash. The progressivists—the abbés Barré and Reismann—apply the new approach, such, at least, as de Saint-Pierre understands it. This approach consists of no longer preaching, speaking of God as little as possible, battling in the revolutionary trade unions, serving the Communist municipality, making the progress of the Church identical with the advance of the working class. The result is that their church becomes empty.

But Paul Delance, the future young Curé d'Ars, who seeks only to be a "man of God and man at everyone's disposal," wants nothing to do with any form of ministry, but that of preaching the love of Christ and the sacramental life. Supported by his bishop, with his pastor at last emerging from torpor, and bolstered by the spectacular success with which Providence favors him—he converts a generous intellectual of the extreme right together with the man's diabolical mistress—the good priest sees his ideas triumph. The church is again filled, long lines form before his confessional, people throng to hear his sermons. Of the two "new priests," whose failures will become obvious, one will chafe at his bonds as a reformer who lacks humility, love and joy; the other will seek, in his association with a woman whom he has helped to become a saint, but "a saint without faith," a remedy for his nervous exhaustion.

The book is clearly more of a pamphlet or a caricature than a novel. Abbé Barré declares, for instance, that he is prepared to drive all Rightists from the Church. Officiating at the funeral of a pious colonel, he has no hesitation in mounting the pulpit and proclaiming that "the Christian knight is a pleasantry to which modern historians have at last done justice." And if Abbé Barré is too bad to be true, Abbé Delance seems almost too good. He seems in fact to be an embodiment of the sky-blue plaster or simpering sweetness of the religious statues of St. Sulpice (the French Barclay Street) and he draws all souls to him by the simple limpidity of his gaze.

The Traditionalist Challenge

Truly the cause of traditionalism deserved a better advocate than this. Certain priests of the missions to the worker were indeed guilty of excesses and errors. Basically, de Saint-Pierre is not wholly wrong. As P. Henri Simon, literary commentator of *Le Monde,* wrote of him: "He thinks the apostolate of a Church

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that is above all a spiritual force, should remain spiritual, and that it would be still better to proclaim her essential message in the desert than to present a watered-down version of her message to a vaguely sympathetic multitude."

But the author does not indicate such a theme in his title, which implies that most of the new missionary clergy are tailored on the models of Abbés Reismann and Barré. That this is his main intention is further confirmed by the sentiments he ascribes to Father Florian, the old pastor: "Only a dreamer could still believe in the spiritual quality of our clergy of the workers' suburbs . . . I shall even say this of our French clergy in very large part." Again he says to the young priest-hero, Paul Delance: "Willy nilly here we are in the very center of a battlefield infinitely more extensive and more dangerous than that of Modernism. For this war of today is exploited ably and systematically by the Enemy, by atheistic Communism."

There is the keynote. By identifying Communism with Satan and accusing the missionary clergy of "Marxizing" the Church, the novelist makes her an instrument in the hands of the Evil One. Several scenes crudely imitated from Bernanos confirm this conception —which explains the vigorous protests of several bishops and especially the following, from Archbishop Gerrone of Toulouse: "Is this caricature to represent in the eyes of many one of the most powerful apostolic impulses the Church has known at one of the most crucial moments of her life, a moment so grave that God has moved the whole world to signalize it by a Council? The Church is in a Council, unquestionably one of the most important in her history. That means, to whoever has the faith, that the spirit of God breathes upon us. We must try to understand where that spirit leads us. We must pity those who will refuse in any way to follow it. For the Council asks them to enter a current which they must enter for the salvation of the world, and indeed for their own salvation, as well."

The most violent criticism of the novel I've seen came from Abbé Michonneau, a pastor who has spent forty-three years ministering to the French worker, and who wrote to the author: "Dear Sir: When a person is ignorant about a subject, when he is incapable of establishing resonance with his characters, he has no business writing. Truly you have passed up an excellent opportunity to remain silent." Again, "The newspapers tell us that recently Paul VI received Bishop Helder Camara of Brazil with these words: 'Here is our Communist bishop.' But as he said this, the Pope embraced him. You, M. de Saint-Pierre, also tell us of 'Communist priests,' but so that you may cast our most authentic priestly feelings as scrapings for the dogs, who will buy your book and lick their lips over it."

Conservative Reaction

One trouble with integralists like De Saint-Pierre is that they never invoke the authority of the Roman magisterium except when they wish it to constrain those who do not think as they do. De Saint-Pierre has preferred charges against the head of *Témoignage Chrétien*, which published Abbé Michonneau's letter quoted earlier here. He claims to speak for two million of his baptized compatriots. He cites the letters of encouragement he has received from Monsignor Pizzardo, Msgr. Lefevre, Cardinal Ottaviani. De Saint-Pierre intends to call as witnesses several integralist pastors and abbés, some Rightist authors and a former governor of Indochina.

His adherents do not stop there, and several months ago staged demonstrations at the lectures of two renowned Dominicans, Father Chenu and Father Congar, and of the Franciscan, Father Chaigne, who gave a talk on non-violence at Toulouse under the auspices of the *Pax Christi* movement. They do not accept the *aggiornamento*, in which they perceive only "Sovietization." They were opposed to Pope John XXIII more or less openly.

In the two opposing currents in the Church in France, Michel de Saint Pierre and his friends represent the Church of the past, a Church which indeed had her virtues—respect for the established order, fidelity to tradition. There is no question of denying or renouncing these, as too many neophytes do. But is it necessary after three sessions of the Council to recall that the Church of the past was bent back upon herself, enclosed in her ignorance and hostility toward the modern world? Or to point out that she is in danger today of absenting herself from the emerging colonial world as she did from the world of the worker in the nineteenth century? Confronting this Church of the past stands a

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missionary Church that has decided to open the windows, to re-examine her whole demeanor. The French episcopacy does not want the two currents to clash publicly when the case comes up for trial at the end of April. The bishops are exerting discreet pressure on both parties to prevent this.

The Popular View

There is no question where the choice of the great majority of French Catholics lies: in the direction defined by the Council Fathers. And this choice will most likely be confirmed this year by Paul VI, if the Holy Father has indeed decided again to authorize priests' working in factories. The integralists' battle therefore appears to be a rearguard action.

It is a pity that most integralists consistently refuse the dialogue to which they are invited by those of their brothers who disagree with them. Unhappily these activists more easily go in for anathemas and resort to intimidation by force—from denunciation to street fighting —than for dialectics and the art of persuasion. They are at the moment about to organize a "Committee of Resistance" which sends letters of counsel to the bishops, and to propose the division of the Church into two parts: one a "high" Church, traditional and attached to Rome, the other a "low" Church, and Gallican, which would concern itself as seemed best with the evangelization of non-believers. All this agitation wins them little support for their cause.

Yet that cause deserves to be heard and understood. For many of its adherents, many believers, are sincere in their anguish upon perceiving that the Church is no longer "their" Church: everything from the liturgical changes to Catholic Action, or to the raising of laymen to the diaconate—in short everything implied by the word *aggiornamento*—bewilders and shocks them. *Mutatis mutandis*, it is the same phenomenon effected in certain French villages on city outskirts where the necessity for urbanization has thrust up great blocks of buildings, destroying the poetry of the ancient countryside, abolishing the customs of a thousand years. What controlled griefs, what hidden dramas there were among the aged inhabitants who feel that they are excluded from new forms of life and from a society in the process of birth.

But there is no stopping the movement of life. However doleful the choice before the hierarchy, the French bishops have to make one. The extent to which they take a position against de Saint-Pierre's book will clearly show whether or not they have decided to cross the moat.

REVIEWING THE AUDIENCE

THE STAGE

If I may paraphrase Everett Dirksen, and a few others, no reviewer is an island. At various times, we have been known to review the audience, to review each other — Mr. Brustein likes to review Mr. Kerr, for instance — to review our own preconceptions; to review names and reputations, hopes and no-hopes, fashions and anti-fashions. We also do plays; but the reviewer alone with his play is as much a half-truth as the worshipper alone with his god. The bell tolls for all of us, pussy-cat and out-of-town buyer alike.

Sometimes the reviewing psyche becomes so crowded with foreign elements that it loses even this highly-conditioned independence. For instance, when I saw "The Old Glory" by Robert Lowell, some weeks after its first appearance, I found that I had already read one review too many, and that my own responses were worn out before the event. I dislike being bullied into admiring something inordinately, so that one lobe was set firmly in opposition; at the same time my gland of snobbish timidity was setting up its own snivelling clamor in the other direction.

The temptation in such cases is simply to attack: to fly into an ungovernable rage at some third party — Mr. Kerr, Mr. Brustein, Susan Sontag, David Merrick, false values, highmiddlemasscult (thecatandthefiddle) or whatever you've been reading about lately. My own response was too heavily conditioned, too chemically adulterated, to do even that convincingly; the opinions were there all right (there is no avoiding those) but they were all, in large part, reactions to other people's opinions and seemed to me fundamentally worthless; so the play went unreviewed in this slot.

Audience-conditioning is a much crasser phenomenon, and only a very weak character would be bothered by it, I imagine. Nevertheless, it has to be recorded here that "The Odd Couple" struck me as hilariously funny at first, because everybody was laughing at it; but then not so funny, because the girl in back of me kept laughing indiscriminately, which drew attention to the bad lines; and funny again, because the girl got a grip on herself, and because by then the audience had used up the laughs it arrived with and was now laughing at the play.

"The Odd Couple" has the dirty trick known as

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charm. When you later read some of its funnier lines in somebody's Broadway column, you may be surprised at their relative flatness. You may find it hard to distinguish them from their neighbors – the gags from the *un*successful shows. Charm has this distorting effect on judgment. You find yourself wanting to like jokes which, in a less charming context, might seem mechanical or embarrassingly thin. To put it another way, Bob Hope gets away with it, your Uncle Arthur doesn't.

Some of this charm is a simple quality of success. Rich men are notoriously witty; and shows marked "hit" don't have to strain to prove themselves. But "The Odd Couple" has more going for it than that. It has, to begin with, the pleasant texture we have come to expect of Mike Nichols' productions. The actual set makes you feel comfortable. This is a real apartment – one of those big ones on the West Side, built around the time of Stanford White and lived in continuously ever since, by absent-minded people with good taste – and not one of those fruity constructs with no waste-baskets.

The dialogue is comfortable too, lived-in, in much the same way. The opening poker-game is neatly orchestrated: the cards, the heat, the sandwiches, the heat, the cards . . . the rhythm reminds one slightly of the poker-game in *Front Page,* right down to the fussy grace-notes of the resident sissy; and this game recurs throughout like a Greek chorus, providing information, dark wisdom and a sense of other lives in other places.

In between, Art Carney and Walter Matthau dance a simple mime of frustration. They are roommates separated from their wives, and the not-too-startling point of it all is that if you think husbands and wives get along badly, you should see roommates. I call it a mime because the spoken-lines are really so much icing: the whole story is told in the men's physical movements – Matthau's bearish lumberings to and fro, Carney's bird-like dartings. By the second act, both of them should be well and truly on your nerves – a triumph of physical comedy.

The jokes are relieved of much pressure by this. Neil Simon, the author, is free to use them to augment the physical fact, or to use them just as jokes. Halfway through the second-act, there is a serious slump on both levels and the mechanical roars of the audience begin to come in dismal, meaningless waves; the laughter which has conned you into finding the play funny now threatens to con you out again – but this does not last for long. The break in rhythm, the moment spent picking at the joke, is mended, and the play ends strongly.

This kind of charm is not really a dirty trick – it only seems that way. I have seen funnier physical comedy than Carney's and Matthau's, but usually in a vacuum (you remember Bobby Clark, you don't remember the show). Here the physical comedy is the show – just as Alan Arkins' physical comedy is a large part of the show in "Luv," another Mike Nichols production. The weighing and measuring of wisecracks has relatively little to do with it.

(And if my enemies from the mid-cult establishment – people with names like Mickey Mantle, Carl Sandburg, Zazu Pitts, I won't identify them further than that – do not agree with this, so much the worse for them.) (*At the Plymouth.*) WILFRID SHEED

LANCASTER EXPRESS

THE SCREEN

When Emily Dickinson wrote her fine poem about the train ("I like to see it lap the miles and lick the valleys up . . . and supercilious peer around a pile of mountains" etc.), she had no idea that a train would one day be the hero of a movie. Advanced poet-prophet as she was, she probably didn't even foresee movies, but she would have approved of "The Train," the new John Frankenheimer film that celebrates a train and the French Railroad Resistance of World War II.

"The Train" is a well-made, highly-charged adventure movie set in August, 1944, when the Resistance, led by the acrobatic and determined Burt Lancaster, give their all to stop a trainload of modern art from leaving France and going to Berlin, a project being supervised by an esthetic and equally determined German colonel, Paul Scofield. The picture, under Frankenheimer's direction, has plenty of action as the French Underground and the German Army battle it out while "The Train" zigzags all over the map—almost always on its tracks.

The performances are fine throughout. Perhaps Lancaster is a little too athletic and tough to be plausible, but the role requires a rough-hewn man of strength to play opposite Scofield's mean, snobbish esthete. The supporting cast is outstanding: Michel Simon as an elderly engineer who used to date a Renoir model and is convinced these paintings are the glory of France; Jeanne Moreau as an embittered widow who won't play the war game but is won over by Lancaster and other compatriots; Suzanne Flon as a curator at the Jeu de Paume Museum who pleads with the Resistance

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to stop all these Gauguins, Cezannes, Degas, and other top art from leaving the country; Albert Remy, Charles Millot, and many more as tough French or Germans.

But the hero of "The Train" is the train. Real trains are used throughout, which is a feat, and the photography of train yards, stations, and tracks in France is first rate. An extra round of applause should go to Lee Zavitz for his special effects with derailings and the blowing up of an entire marshalling yard. The aerial views that show how switchyards work and how the Train was maneuvered around by the French are so good that even a person without knowledge or interest in trains will be educated as he's thrilled.

But "The Train" is more than a suspense picture; and, although the script by Franklin Coen and Frank Davis fumbles a bit, an interesting treatment of patriotism and the ironies of war comes through. When curator Suzanne Flon entreats the Resistance men to save their national heritage, their trust, their paintings that are France itself, Lancaster replies they have more important jobs like blowing up German munition trains—and furthermore, they shouldn't lose lives just for art. But as time goes on, the trainful of paintings becomes a symbol, a symbol of France, its background and people. The train and paintings also become a symbol for the sensitive-cruel Colonel Scofield who convinces his Nazi higher-ups of their monetary value (this collection is worth some $600 million today) while he, himself, is interested only in their artistic merit—and in outwitting the French. The irony of this story, although it is only an incident in history, is that many lives are lost during the course of the tense cat-and-mouse game between Lancaster and Scofield. Interestingly enough, the word patriotism is never mentioned. But perhaps a train knows no chauvinism; it only superciliously peers.

No doubt the big problem with all biographical movies is who should play the all-important lead. Handsome, healthy Rod Taylor does not look like Sean O'Casey whose slight figure and poor eyesight had much to do with his character. Yet, in spite of this and the inaccuracies in the script by John Whiting, "Young Cassidy" catches well much of the spirit of O'Casey and his times in turbulent Dublin from 1911 to 1926. The film, started by John Ford who withdrew because of illness and then directed by Jack Cardiff, is based on parts of O'Casey's autobiography, *Mirror in My House*, in which the author calls himself Cassidy. Actually by 1911, O'Casey was no longer *young* Cassidy, but the determining backgrounds are well-portrayed in the movie: his family's extreme poverty, Cassidy's pugnacity, his interest in causes (shown in some violent rioting scenes during a strike, and later in the 1916 uprising against the British), Cassidy's love for literature, and his finding himself in his writing: journalism, pamphlets, books, plays.

Rod Taylor portrays this sensitive-tough Irishman extremely well, and if he has more physical glamor than O'Casey, it is likely that O'Casey, himself, had within him more wild Irish spirit and poetry. Because the film attempts to cover so much ground, it becomes sketchy and episodic and jumps from love affairs (Maggie Smith and Julie Christie are excellent) to politics and rebellion, and eventually to play-writing, although rebellion is always there—even in the love affairs. In the latter part of the movie, which has lovely color photography done in Dublin and an English studio, Edith Evans, as Lady Gregory, and Michael Redgrave, as Yeats, add much to the authenticity and literary tone. On the whole "Young Cassidy" may not be young O'Casey, but it is an interesting film—and perhaps the best that cinema could do with such a hairy-fisted Puck.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

WHO IS DEPRIVED?

OF NOTE

Father Daniel Berrigan, S.J., poet and theologian, spoke recently at the departure banquet for members of the Association for International Development leaving for overseas assignments. The text of his speech appears in the Jan.-Feb. issue of *A.I.D. Dialogue* (374 Grand Street, Paterson 1, New Jersey, $2 a year). An excerpt follows:

I am a member of a deprived and ever impoverished church, a church which is too poor in virtue to become poor in fact, too unsure and unconvinced to preach the gospel with clarity and vision, childishly attached to the bric-a-brac of honors, the double talk of diplomacy, the degrading favors of the rich, the idolatry of structures, the price of place.

I am a member of a deprived nation. I speak here of a moral poverty of the most frightful and pervasive kind. It is a poverty which clings with the grasp of death itself, to material well-being. It clings to its static goods, and fears mightily the winds of revolution. It clings to its family goods in denial of the claims of spirit and community. It clings to its white supremacy, in the face of black excellence, black need, black beauty. It puts off needful revolution, though it was born in revo-

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lution, and can only hope to exist if the revolution continues.

I offer you as an image of my nation, not the hate-filled faces of Mississippi, but the faces of Brooklyn and Manhattan in the recent school picketing, and the dignity of the black faces that in our northern cities are creating and protecting the moral revolution.

I am finally a member of a deprived race. Our white poverty is measured by the yardstick of our obsessions, of our fears, of finally the choices we make and the choices we put off and the choices we refuse. I will not merely say that I am shamed by wearing the same skin of Ross Barnett or Thurmond or Bull Connor. It demands no great moral sense to express one's horror of such men. But I am shamed at being invited to sit the same fence as the thousands of whites who north and south watch the passing show. I am shamed by the Northern whites, who hold the line in neighborhood and schools and jobs, and do nothing. I am shamed because the cold war is a white man's game, and I am invited and even forced in a thousand unsavory ways, to play the game. I am shamed because two world wars were fought and led and won and lost by white men. I am shamed because the first nuclear bomb was executed and exploded by my race against another, in violation of all canons of mercy or justice.

Indeed, the cataloging of one's poverty is not a pleasant task. It has about it the unpleasantness and even the pain of a surgical operation; the nausea and weakness, the traumatic loss of one's foothold.

But to stand in poverty, before God, and before one another, has one altogether unique advantage and reward. It is the reward which a sense of reality always brings with it. When one knows he is poor, not in the abstract, but in the flesh and mind, in the soul, in his capacities, in his society, in his church, he knows something extremely precious. He has touched things as they are. But the rewards are not merely intellectual. They are human and Christian.

Indeed, in the constant thought of the Bible, the poor man is man himself. As one veers away from the truth of his poverty, he turns aside from God, from his brother, from himself. He becomes alienated, a man obsessed by illusion, unable to think or act or love, a man of false power and fearful weakness. And on the contrary, when one is faithful to the truth of his poverty, the needle's eye bursts apart, the narrow way widens, the truth of existence opens up. One becomes fit for the community, a meeting ground for the hope of man, worthy of experiencing Christ.

Let me conclude these reflections on a note of optimism and joy, which I deeply feel and would like to share. We who are men and women of biblical truth are also called to be men of truth in the world. We are summoned to understand that the God who speaks in the Bible also speaks in His world, that the world is in fact a kind of continuing word of God, speaking to us from community and from creation.

In the Bible, God has revealed Himself in the poor man Christ, the One who "being rich, became poor for our sake," the One who "came not to be served, but to serve." And the world, for those who can listen, speaks of the same Christ. Christ the poor man is present within the world; He is present most luminously and

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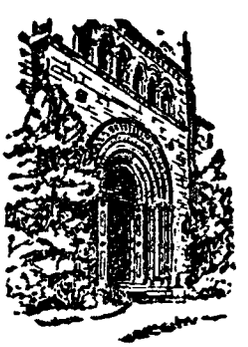

Prospective students should make early application

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surely in the poor of the world. Which means, if our reflections of tonight have any validity, that He is present in us, who are poor, and who confess our deprivation and need.

Nor is this all. For if God has chosen to reveal His poverty in Christ, He has also revealed the riches of His providence. God has become poor in the impoverishment which He underwent when He gave Himself. And His providence continues, ironically, both under the sign of poverty and the sign of enrichment. To give is to receive. To refuse to give is to be condemned and deprived: to isolation, to inertia, to acedia, to despair.

So the Christian stands in a very special position before the world. Any man with reasonable good will can witness the call which the world exerts on his conscience and his energies, to give, to contribute, to relieve pain, to bring hope. Many good men in fact hear the voice of the world and respond admirably. But the Christian alone can hear all the resonances of the call, can recognize the one who, under every cry for succor is announcing His name. Hearing the voice of man, the Christian knows the true measure of the need and can respond at depth; He knows that the cry for bread is also the cry for truth; that the cry for healing is also the cry for spiritual wholeness; that the cry for human dignity is also a cry for redemption.

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SISTER M. JUDITH, O.S.B.

WATCHING SML DIE

Watching that body briefly unhouse its soul,
Not reluctantly but with a shallow effort,
Seemed almost vulgar. Dying is such a private
Drama: a closet drama. She played it out inside,
Behind fixed, dilated eyes and the taut
Curtains of her bloated body, unbeautiful. We,
Outside, gaped at the neon of pink liquid
Bubbling in futile tubes while she met God
There—somewhere—and left us, large and a bit
Foolish, clustered before her empty playhouse.

That moment touched Eternity and stood
Shocked into motionlessness. Impaled there by
Pins of circled light, how our yesterdays, our
Tomorrows glared, paralyzed into crayola-black
Outline like Rouaults that miniatured with her
Thinning breath; how the extended, darkling future
Curled tenuously up upon itself to cradle the hard
Nugget: promised Good for similar performance.

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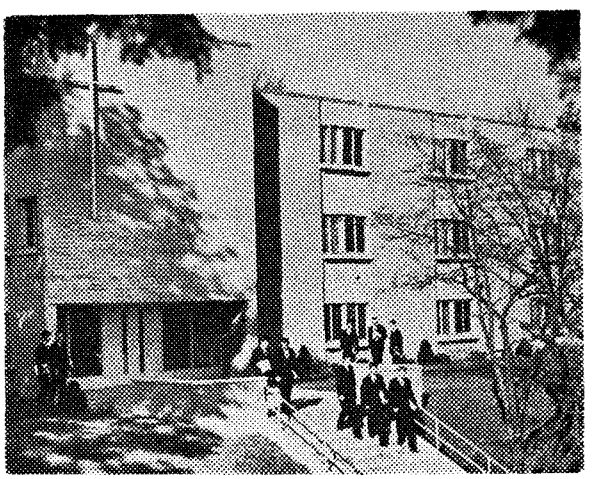

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BOOKS

Unveiling the insights of a crucial ecumenical figure

Schleiermacher on Christ and Religion: A New Introduction

RICHARD R. NIEBUHR

Scribners, $6.95

MICHAEL NOVAK

"Schleiermacher, the Church Father of the nineteenth century," Karl Barth once exclaimed, approvingly, after having testified: "The first place in a history of theology of the most recent times belongs and always will belong to Schleiermacher, and he has no rival." But in the same essay, Barth went on to damn Schleiermacher to oblivion. To reverse this trend of twentieth-century Protestant orthodoxy—to call for a serious re-examination of the spirit, methods, and goals of Protestant theology—Richard R. Niebuhr has written an excellent introduction to a forgotten theologian, against whom the Protestant theology of our century has, without always saying so, defined itself.

Catholics should be grateful. Although the current fashion among Catholics runs in an opposite direction, Schleiermacher is of all Protestant thinkers most concerned with issues the Catholic humanistic tradition takes seriously. If Catholics are close to Barth on the meaning of faith, as Hans Küng has shown, they are also close to Schleiermacher in his concern for the incarnation of faith in the tissue of secular culture and for the personal appropriation of faith in affective, ethical, and intellectual life.

What most masks the affinity of an important Catholic tradition with Schleiermacher, however, is a basic difference in method and conceptual articulation. Protestants influenced by Barth would no doubt be quick to see important similarities between Schleiermacher's concern about human culture and the "Christian humanism" of one part at least of the Thomistic tradition. But Schleiermacher—and Niebuhr—would hardly be happy to be linked in this way with scholasticism in any of its forms.

Nevertheless, the profound similarities are there. Schleiermacher, it is true, employs a dialectical, an acoustic, method: he is deeply concerned about the way in which the faith is personally heard, personally appropriated, and the preaching of the word in the community consequently has singular significance in his view of the role of theology. What does not affect *us*, what is not relevant to our *experience* of the Christ-life objectively given us, appears to him to be merely verbal and unreal. On this score, he rejects a great deal of the Christian intellectual tradition, including not only scholasticism (for which he has a special form of noncomprehension) but also many classical theological achievements in Christology and trinitarian theory.

Thomas Aquinas, on the other hand, gives far wider rein to the drive to understand whatever can be understood in the data of faith, even if such understanding seems to be detached and disinterested and not, in the first instance, aimed at its effect upon the religious piety of the inquirer. His preferred method is formal, seeking an understanding of the data as they are related among themselves. Though he was as fully engaged in the cultural and intellectual struggles of Paris in his time as Schleiermacher was in Berlin in his, Thomas seldom allows his own personality to obtrude in his prose, seldom appeals to the involvement or commitment of his student. Yet for him, too, the primary reality was acoustic, and in comparison with it he saw that what he had written was as straw.

As Professor Niebuhr points out, against those (like Brunner) who have interpreted Schleiermacher as a "subjectivist," that Schleiermacher was convinced that the Christ-life was objective and operative yesterday, today, and forever. The task of theology, as Schleiermacher conceived it, is to articulate what is real about that life *today, for us, in this moment of history.* What Schleiermacher did not seem to see, and Aquinas did, is that such a project also involves, at least implicitly, a formal method too. For how can one be sure that the Christ Whom one experiences today in all one's own particularity is the same Christ as that testified to by, for example, St. Paul, unless one also has available a transcultural and transtemporal principle of interpretation?

On the other hand, what Schleiermacher saw and many scholastics, particularly after Descartes, did not, is that an effective and truly Christian principle of interpretation must also be historical. For the people of God are on a pilgrimage, and historical contexts and historical cultural communities change; words take on new meanings; discoveries are made, which raise totally new questions; and so in countless ways the authentic Christian consciousness is, and must be, modified and developed and newly articulated. For this task, a cartesian construction of "*raison*" is of little theological use.

In the context of German idealism and romanticism, Schleiermacher had to set out to construct an epistemology, or at least a theory of interpretation, that would serve the purpose he saw so clearly. His task was made simpler because he could neglect the problems of the formal level, which he despised.

At this stage in his development, the situation of Schleiermacher is very much like that of those Catholic theologians whose orientation is also, like his, pastoral. Their own resources are scriptural, liturgical, patristic, catechetical; like him they are in reaction against scholasticism, and like him they emphasize the centrality of the preaching of the Word. Against merely verbal speculations, Scheiermacher urged the

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importance of "feeling" and personal appropriation. Citing Newman, these Catholics distinguish between "notional assent" and "real assent," between doctrine conceptually and technically understood, and doctrine "made flesh" in one's own experience, imagination, affections, and actions.

Prof. Niebuhr makes clear that the famous *Gefühl* or "feeling" on which the epistemology of Schleiermacher is based is not what would today be called emotive, but rather an abiding sense of personal identity, a radical sort of awareness of being oneself which is presupposed by all thinking and doing. The basic notion bears close comparison with the indirect reflexive knowledge of the self which Lonergan points out was basic for Aquinas. And the whole conception of "the feeling of absolute dependence" as the basis of religion deserves scrutiny, neither as a sense of contingency nor as the search for an emotional prop, but as what Aquinas refers to as the "natural desire to know God." For it is the self becoming reflectively aware of its own dynamism which is in question.

Professor Niebuhr does not, of course, draw such comparisons. He confines himself to making a solid, basically non-polemical, well-focused study of Schleiermacher at four important moments of intellectual development. If there is a flaw in the study, it lies in (as it appears) Professor Niebuhr's own involvement in the German philosophical tradition; the asides he makes concerning other intellectual traditions, sometimes in his own and sometimes in Schleiermacher's name, reveal the color and the preoccupations of his own conceptual interests.

Robert B. Scharleman, in his masterful *Thomas Aquinas and John Gerhard* (Yale University Press, 1964), has made a valuable contribution to the task of translation between the acoustic and the formal traditions. Prof. Niebuhr's sympathetic and penetrating recovery of Schleiermacher now makes possible the "translation" of the rich and often moving insights of yet another figure crucial to ecumenical understanding into a vocabulary and a conceptual framework more accessible to most Catholics.

The Addict in the Street

ED. BY JEREMY LARNER

Grove Press, $5.50

SAUL MALOFF

A number of recent books, notably Professor Alfred Lindesmith's *The Addict and the Law;* mountains of newsprint, from the quasi-sociology of our newspaper of record to tabloid sensationalism; along with vague stirrings and rumblings in more official quarters as well as in some state legislatures—like the convulsive movements of some primordial beast; all these are among the gathering signs that we are getting ready to Do Something about the Drug Problem. Attack symptoms instead of causes, do it badly, and too little and too late—but do something we no doubt shall, all in the ripeness of time.

Perhaps the most dramatic, and dismaying, portent that we are entering a condition of readiness is the manner in which the public consciousness has become saturated of late with the ethos of the addict, his mode of life, his tricks of speech, the readable and audible signs of his agony. Now everyone is a pharmacologist of the habit and expert in the uses of the needle; plump, open-faced children know about eye-droppers and bottle-caps. A joint is no longer a hangout; the mainline, we knowingly say, begins in Potsville; skin-popping is carefully distinguished from shooting up; and the hash we speak of is nothing edible. We are all hip.

Indeed, in the absence of deep-going moral and political engagement, a public commitment sufficiently sustained and serious to be of consequence, this frisson which everywhere accompanies mass-media publicity appears all the more frivolous. By accumulating appalling statistics of addiction, we contrive to strip it of its actual terror—the true public commitment being to contain, conceal or neutralize terror. We deceive reality itself—domesticate wars

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by calling them by other names, or leaving them nameless; accept almost without question the judgment of a Mayor's Commission that statuary commemorating the Warsaw Ghetto is undesirable because it might frighten children. Tragedy we exile to another part of town.

But if we are in danger of being surfeited by abstractions and generalizations, we may now be assured that no one who reads *The Addict in the Street* will ever be quite the same again. By the simple expedient of taking, not categories of human beings (Underprivileged, Culturally Deprived, Slum-Dwelling Youthful Addicts), but this boy and that girl, this son and that mother, and letting them make themselves known by speaking about themselves in the presence of a tape-recorder, Ralph Tefferteller, who is Associate Director of the Henry Street Settlement, has rendered a Sociological Class into unforgettable human scale.

By judicious editing of the tapes—cutting them to eliminate redundancy but otherwise not tampering with them—novelist Jeremy Larner transforms talk into speech while retaining individual peculiarities and all other spontaneous marks of an unmistakable person making language of his life—a language (because we are apt to think of such subjects as speechless) startlingly adequate to their unspeakable experience. Their lives untransformed do not possess the power to move us—to overwhelm us perhaps, yes; but that is another matter again. Their lives given the focus and form of a kind of art move us profoundly; and then just possibly by turning upon life the light of art, we may make out the distinguishable shape of a suffering man in what had been an obscure, inert mass.

It is not, of course, as simple as all that. Tefferteller knew his subjects intimately and over the span of much of their lives; and they trusted him as much as it was possible for them to place trust in anybody. He wasn't fuzz, or in the invidious sense a social worker, or Authority. He was a man who cared about them. Although he never appears directly in these pages, he is always present—the man who asked the right and sensitive questions to which they are responding, the enabling presence. And although he did not add a word to the book, Larner is always present also—the writer moving the narrative forward, controlling the pace of the harrowing tale, sharpening shades of tone, adjusting rhythm.

In short, *Addict* is no more a series of tapes than is a book by Oscar Lewis: it is a work of fiction terribly truer than life, the artifact resulting from the creative collaboration of a subject pouring his life into a machine humanized by two men who knew how to listen to, and render, him. What moves us, therefore, is the human creation of what was originally a remote, alien other—the junkie who could never otherwise have made himself heard, whose anguish no one had ever before really listened to, so busy have we all been gathering data about him.

The book cries out for quotation, just as their anguish clamors for our total human response. But there must be no substitute for a full and fully attentive reading; for this reason, quotation can too readily become a form of sensationalism, more frisson, a reduction of people and pain to colorful argot. These are real people, some of them enormously attractive, none repellent, all far more worth saving than official custodians of the public morality and its bestial law. They emerge in these pages from the dark places to which we banish them from our sight, and come alive in the sound of their speech, breaking the silence we had pledged them to, echoing in the chambers of the mind and heart.

The Final Beast

FREDERICK BUECHNER

Atheneum, $4.50

THOMAS CURLEY

In an effort to "get at" *The Final Beast,* one is tempted to ignore surface action and concentrate on the theme which is, it seems to me, a search, not so much for faith, as the experience of faith. However that may be, the theme is only expressed in and through the action, so let me notice and, possibly, distort that rather than the theme.

Theodore Nicolet, a young minister, a widower of a year with two young children is *at* the center of the novel, though he is not *the* center. The time is more or less the present, the place Connecticut, the season late Spring. The book begins with his *absence:* he has left home and children in the care of a nursemaid, Irma Reinwasser, to go in search of Rooney Vail, a reluctantly childless young wife, and a parishioner of Nicolet's. His absence is felt immediately, since for some time a local gossip columnist has been hinting at an affair between Mrs. Vail and Nicolet.

Rooney Vail has not gone far and Nicolet finds her easily (she left him a note saying where she was but instructing him not to follow her); on the way he hitches a ride from a young truck driver who, upon learning that he is a minister, asks, "'No sweat, what makes a guy decide to be a thing like that?'" This question and the answer Nicolet gives him are crucial both to the book's action and theme. One might says that Buechner's purpose is to answer that question. Nicolet tells the boy that when he was in college, a drunken acquaintance was going on as to how everyone—his roommate, the faculty, even Christ Himself—"eats it." Nicolet was shocked, but as he thought, he came to the conclusion that the drunkard was right. That was the first step in his decision. He left the young truck-driver before completing his answer, but the impression left was strong enough to lead to the death of Irma Reinwasser (note the name) by fire.

Irma is a Jew, a survivor of a Nazi death camp, who suffered maiming and brutalization at the hands of the Nazi who saved her from death. It is she who, in an attempt to help Nicolet, reveals the purpose of his trip to the gossip columnist who proceeds to write an Epistle to the townspeople on the subject of hypocrisy. This, of course, attracts attention and when Nicolet

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next appears to preach he has a congregation eager to hear the good news. Irma appears, stands up, and accuses herself of spreading scandal, even confessing to jealousy. The young truck driver also is present, probably the only one in the congregation who believes her. He decides to "shake up the horny old Yid." Using Nicolet's answer to his no-sweat question as a gimmick, he succeeds in shaking Irma into eternity; and by her death Irma shakes the gossip columnist out of his hate.

That this summary is a distortion, I have no doubt, but it is a necessary one, since *The Final Beast* is a novel, not a meditation. Any criticism of Buechner's work, and it deserves wide and critical attention, must investigate the relation between his fable and his theme. Irma, for example, is the Savior-Victim; Nicolet seeks out the experience of joy at the heart of natural phenomena, but it is Irma who effects the good that is brought about; and it is her dream before she dies, (which, incidentally, is represented on the dust jacket) that envisions emblematically the joy at the heart of things which Nicolet seeks to experience and, as a minister, communicate.

Without his fable, Buechner's theme would have been mere preaching, and he was absolutely right to risk charges of implausibility. I am, however, not completely persuaded that the vicarious suffering of Irma justifies the resolution in laughter with which the book ends. Vicarious suffering *may* be good theology; in art, however, should not the doer suffer and thus redeem himself?

Andre Gide, His Life and Art

WALLACE FOWLIE

Macmillan, $4.95

DAVID LITTLEJOHN

André Gide is one of the most difficult authors in the world to write a book about. He notoriously sets his own stern standards for our response. Every reading of Gide is a self-examination, a test of the reader himself, and a test the most total and demanding. It is so unlikely that we will measure up, moreover, that most readers have the good sense to keep the results of the test to themselves. To publish one's response to Gide demands enormous self-confidence.

The right book on Gide must be necessary, honest, and complete: these would be his minimal demands. The venturing author must be able to hold in balance at all times the whole of his subject: all of the man (*Journals,* letters, diary, memoirs) and all of his work. He must know his man fully before risking a word. He must himself bear the temperament of a Gide, magnanimous, sympathetic, anti-systematic, anti-categorical, infinitely flexible. He must exercise at all times the greatest care, the deftest fingertip control: too hard a push on this work or that, too reductionist a formula, too insistent an interpretation, and the work dissolves, Gide refuses to appear. This is no arbitrary list of rules; it is simply called forth by the subject. Nothing less will do, nothing less is worth trying.

But people will write books whether they ought to or not; and since Gide's demands are so arduous, since the joint task of discipline and devotion is so evidently exhausting, they are driven to any number of bluffs, evasions, and easy ways out. Mr. Fowlie, in this book (his twentieth in twenty-five years), risks all of Gide's tests, but with limited success. Barring two and a half, perhaps three honest and eloquent chapters at the end the book is a model of Ways Out of Thinking.

Mr. Fowlie uses six basic ways of avoiding thought. He indulges, first in pages of literary name-lists, "placing" Gide in this context or that. "Gide follows in the steps of Molière, applies theories of Bergson and announces comic characterizations of the plays of Anouilh and Ionesco." *Les Caves du Vatican* finds itself "in a very special lineage with Rabelais, Boccaccio, Defoe and Voltaire." Over-ready generalizations about "Western Civilization" have the same flat lecturer's ring, the same look of posing display.

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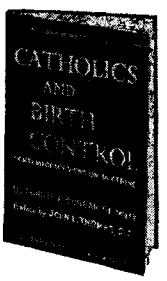
by

Dorothy Dunbar Bromley



Foreword by

RICHARD CARDINAL CUSHING

Preface by

JOHN L. THOMAS, S. J.

The Star Herald continues: ". . . from the pen of a non-Catholic. . . . Chapter after chapter in this small but precious book reveals a remarkably empathetic mind. . . . Mrs. Bromley has done both the Church and all Americans a great favor. . . . It is a book which every adult Catholic will find profitable and pleasurable to read." —Msgr. J. A. Adamo, Executive Editor.

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sponsibility is the anecdote: Mr. Fowlie offers a chapter-full of snips about Gide's clothes, hobbies, conversation, and the like. Another is to parade the opinions of others without discrimination or synthesis; or to rake up and retail dead controversies (did *Nourritures terrestres* really corrupt the youth of the '20s?) with no sense of this current application.

Most typical, however, most easy, and most anti-Gide are Mr. Fowlie's "reductionist" tendencies: his hunt for "themes" and patterns ("No work of Gide is more delicately organized in terms of themes"), his flat reduction of literary works into stock formulas of ideas. He writes of Gide's "preoccupation with the type of the bastard hero, of the emancipated man, with the gratuitous act . . . with his doctrine of *disponibilité*," but the preoccupations are really more the critic's than the author's. He spends a good portion of his final chapter in a last futile dogging-down of Eye-themes, House-themes, Light-themes, and Bastard sons.

To these, his handful of "Gidian" themes, he keeps returning. His everlasting evasion is to note that an event or idea or sequence occurs in more than one book; or that one character is like another, or the opposite of another, or the composite of two (Alissa + Michel = Lafcadio). Certain works, Gide's, more obviously "thesis"-works, fall too readily into his categorizing clutches: *Thésée* and *Retour de l'Enfant Prodigue* are pulled apart, "interpreted," at unwarranted, unbalancing length. Not only are their themes and ideas neatly obvious, but they are also —and this may be the secret of Fowlie's book—simple and short enough for classroom use.

The greatest single crime in the book is what happens to *L'Immoraliste*. This book is ground down to a Manichean formula: Michel becomes Daedalus and Lucifer; and Heathcliff, an earth-spirit, an exemplar of "the theme of the rebellious hero and the explorer." Wandering around in his vague re-creation, only rarely does the author seem to *see* at the work before him. Paragraphs bump into paragraphs, sacks-full of lumpy, rocky sentences; crypto-ideas come and go:

"The Sun, first in Italy, and then in Africa, is both the reality and the symbol of Michel's resurrection" . . . "If Michel portrays the classical male principle of change and quest, Marceline re-enacts the female principle of duration and conservatism." . . . "Marceline is more a warning than a woman, more an effulgence than a personage." . . . "The novel remains faintly a parable which the reader will interpret in the absence of the author's interpretation."

There is in this tale a pained, exact, artistic ambiguity which seems to have eluded this critic. His treatment of Gide's other two masterpieces of suggestion, *La Porte étroite* and *La Symphonie Pastorale*, is similarly obtuse. The three together he manacles into a faked dialectic of triads (Michel:Alissa: Pastor = sensuality: mysticism:love = senses:spirit:senses + spirit, and so on), while his own prose goes from worse to worst: "He retraces the story succinctly, and almost always, at the end, feels and makes the reader feel, impatience to bring to an end what he is considering."

I would not insist so much on these infelicities were Mr. Fowlie pretending to expertness on anyone other than Gide. But a literary sensitivity, a keen responsiveness to language is as essential to the attainment of André Gide as is a resistance to formulaic reduction; and Mr. Fowlie is barred on both counts. There is in the book an almost total lack of design, of an order-of-argument; paragraphs follow one another for no earthly reason, ideas circle and recur without forethought or connection. There is virtually nothing one can call "literary" analysis, in the manner of Albert Guérard or Germaine Brée, no firm-gripped reference to the texts themselves. There is no sustained attempt to incorporate the man, to sustain a sense of his presence through his work, as with Ernid Starkie or Justin O'Brien.

Two chapters at the close—one on "Gide and Catholicism," one called "Gide and the Vocation of Writer" (which is really more about Gide and his Readers, or the "real value" of Gide) —almost redeem the book. Something of their sane and balanced sympathy spills over as well into parts of two other last chapters, on Gide's Marriage and "Gide Today." Mr. Fowlie's interpretation of the Gide-Claudel controversy is as original and useful as anything in the book, and his summary of Gide's lasting contributions evokes the whole man with honest affection.

But there are far too many tedious, wrong-headed other chapters to be waded through first. That he reached these fine, fair conclusions, however, through whatever stumbling progress, is still cause for gratitude. It is encouraging to think that the vast magnanimity of an André Gide can still reach home, through all our perverse and petty attempts to reduce and misinterpret.

The Mystery of Moral Re-Armament

TOM DRIBERG

Alfred A. Knopf, $5.95

GEORGE N. SHUSTER

Written by an able and well-informed British journalist, this indictment of Frank Buchman and his movement probably misses fire by reason of a too limited understanding of Revivalism and its goals. But it is an honest book, and the only reason the Re-Armament faithful will not writhe is that nothing in the world could induce them to read

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REVIEWERS

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it. Perhaps their abstinence is not reprehensible. Buchman was a Lutheran pastor who thought, as not a few of his colleagues of other faiths do now, that his Church was so committed to ecclesiastical routine that it kept aloof from both the Bowery and the AMA. His own bias seems to have been in favor of the second, but there is nothing to indicate that this was meretricious. Driberg is very critical of the Four Absolutes which were emblazoned on the advertising copy. But one of these is chastity, which he has got badly confused with continence.

Moral Re-Armament, in fact, has been a good deal like the Salvation Army, except that the emphasis is on salvaging souls rather than bodies. Still it is only fair to say that Buchman was out to do something about the second prior to embarking on his mission, which possibly may have cast him in the role of a super Sir Galahad. In the process, he took on some characteristics of grandiosity (I apologize for the term) and professed a dubious theology of the Holy Spirit, whom Lutherans usually address, with a commendable respect for the English language, as the Holy Ghost. Since there is numbered among the things generally lacking in our time, a theology in depth about what is meant by "inspiration," Buchman may not inappropriately be viewed as a victim.

At any rate, Driberg has several major faults to find with the quasi-hero of his book. The first is that according to one fairly well-substantiated report Buchman went to Germany before the War and concluded that Adolf Hitler was something akin to an instrument of Divine Providence. This was an error against the commission of which no "Absolute" safeguarded him (if the report is true), but he should not be castigated unduly. Other Protestant and Catholic theologians, bishops among them, offered incense and so did "humanists" galore, including David Lloyd George and diverse American and British professors, etc., who thought that either Wotan would come into his own or that Judaeo-Christianity might soon be reduced to absurdity. In Buchman's case it is at least a saving characteristic that he was bent on crusading against Communism.

Buchmanism, however limited in perspective it was, appealed to many European Christians because it had a way of going out into the street and buttonholing people. Catholics in a number of countries had lost every other way of saving the common man's soul except possibly a pilgrimage to Lourdes. The Germans had probably found a recipe but the Nazis consigned it to oblivion. After the War against Hitler had ended, Konrad Adenauer went to the Moral Re-Armament rendezvous at Cauw because it was the only place in which a dialogue with non-Germans was possible. The soon-to-be German Chancellor was therefore deeply indebted to it. (Driberg disposes of this by quoting from Adenauer's speeches a sentence which he and Hans Morgenthau could have signed together!)

Driberg raises all sorts of questions. It is an honest though manifestly biased book about a revivalist who sometimes loaded the dice in his favor. Perhaps all sorts of sixes and sevens are turning up in connection with Buchmanism and it is still too early to decide how the game will turn out.

CORRESPONDENCE

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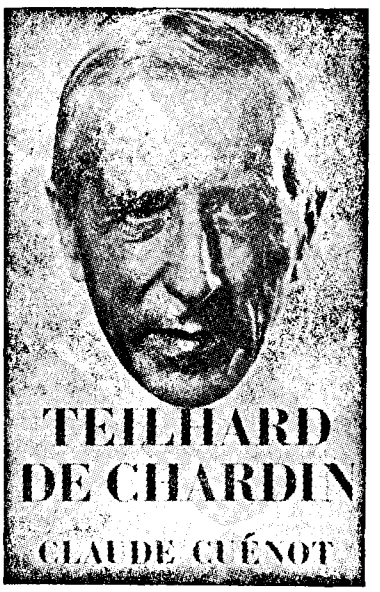
(*Continued from page 35*)

a Poverty Conference have at a school where the predominantly Negro housekeeping staff is paid an annual wage considerably lower than the $4000 specified by Michael Harrington, one of the Conference speakers, as the dividing line between poverty and subsistence? What relevance does a Freedom and Man Conference have at a school which lacks a faculty senate, a faculty grievance committee, and meaningful employment contracts negotiated by the faculty, at a school where Young Democrats are threatened with expulsion for attempting to picket a campus speech by Madame Nhu,



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where Young Republicans are prevented from holding a Goldwater rally, where young conservatives are prohibited from holding a rally in opposition to the civil rights bill, where students from outside the sponsoring club are not permitted to hear a representative from the Soviet embassy speak, and where students attending a symposium on academic excellence are told by a Jesuit: "When you walk through those gates you do so with an open catalogue and you accept on faith whatever the University does"?

How did the appearance on campus of Hans Küng as an Anniversary speaker answer student complaints about the content of their theology courses—courses in which an all male class is asked to discuss such relevant questions as "if a woman was being threatened by a rapist on the eighty-third story of the Empire State Building, would the moral thing be for her to submit or to jump?"

Why, in the end, must the Anniversary symposia be viewed as a means of silencing student critics of the University's intellectual life? Could not the success of the Anniversary be viewed precisely in terms of the extent to which they have stirred up debate and controversy among the students?

As for concern over racial justice at Georgetown, there is no questioning the fact that the school has made tremendous strides in this area during the last two years. But why must Father Dunne contend that the fact that University officials "approved" student participation in the March on Washington marks an end to all discussion of past and present failures in race relations at Georgetown? Can't we also discuss our failures while trumpeting our achievements? Can't we try to bring something of a balanced view to the role played by Catholic institutions in advancing racial justice in this country, or must we leave the chronicling of that role to some future Rolf Hochhuth?

I have no intention of questioning Father Dunne's personal contributions to racial justice. Twenty years ago his was one of the few Catholic voices in the nation raised against segregation. Much of our present disagreement about freedom at Georgetown and the University's role in race relations can be traced to the thirty years' difference in our ages and to the difference in our roles at the University—his as priest, devoting a large amount of time to public relations activities, mine as layman and professor. The effect that these different roles can have on one's approach to a problem was illustrated in the summer of 1963 when Father Dunne asked the faculty to suggest speakers for the Anniversary Year. My suggestion was Martin Luther King, since the University's celebration coincided with the 100th anniversary of Abolition and the 10th anniversary of the Supreme Court decision on school desegregation. Father Dunne is thoroughly sympathetic to Dr. King, but he rejected him as a potential Anniversary speaker on the grounds that Dr. King would be "unstomachable" to the University administration (though within a year Dr. King received both the Nobel Prize and a Yale honorary degree). Father Dunne adopted a thoroughly practical view of the situation. He avoided a dispute over Dr. King and at the same time promoted a concern for racial justice on the campus by inviting less controversial spokesmen for civil rights, such as Earl Warren. Father Dunne's avoidance of open dispute and his quiet working for reform from within may be the only practical approach for one living in a religious order. But just how practical is such an approach in the life of a university? How long can a university avoid the open clash of ideas and opinions, for the sake of quiet, "loyalty," and image, and still remain healthy?

Finally, the chief question at stake in my case at Georgetown still remains whether an administration has the moral right to dismiss a professorial critic without offering him recourse to those standards of academic due process established by the American Association of University Professors. Father Dunne's argument that my criticisms were "untimely" is hardly an answer to the petition signed by seventeen men in my department which termed the dismissal an infringement of my academic freedom and theirs; to the recommendation that I be reinstated made by a committee of tenured professors established by the administration to review the case; to the resignations turned in by two of my departmental colleagues in connection with the case; or to the unanimous motion of censure against the administration recently passed by one of the school's two student councils, the first such censure motion in Georgetown's history.

FRANCIS E. KEARNS

Modern War

Trappist, Kentucky

To the Editors: Reading the excellent article of James Douglass on "The Council and the Bomb" this Shrove Tuesday, I recall that twenty years ago on the night of Shrove Tuesday and the morning of Ash Wednesday 1945, Dresden was reduced to ashes in a monstrous raid with what we now call "conventional weapons." Some may not realize that nearly *twice as many* people were killed in this raid

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than in the atomic bombing of Hiroshima. Many thousands of these victims were refugees who had fled to the west from the Soviet troops, not much more than a hundred miles from the Elbe.

The story of Dresden ought to remind us that reducing the question of modern warfare to the problem of the Bomb, and then atomizing this into a series of inscrutable technicalities, is in effect an evasion of one of the most crucial questions of our time: the very rationality of war itself in an era where *any* war, even a so-called "brushfire war" fought against guerrillas, involves indiscriminate destruction of combatants and non-combatants. A few perhaps forgotten details of the Dresden story might help us to focus on this problem at a time when many of our compatriots are clamoring for an extension of the already inordinate and largely futile use of force in Vietnam.

On the night of Shrove Tuesday 1945, a first raid of two hundred and forty Lancasters broke open the buildings of central Dresden and set fire to the city. A second raid of five hundred and twenty-five Lancasters came over at 1:30 on the morning of Ash Wednesday guided by flames visible for two hundred miles, and again smashed the helpless city, spreading more fires and increasing the violence of the firestorm. Finally, in the morning, one thousand five hundred flying fortresses pulverized the burning ruins of Dresden and destroyed Chemnitz. In these raids, little attention was paid to the factories on the outskirts, while the railway stations and yards were relatively unscathed. The full force of the bombs was concentrated on the center of the city and on the residential sections. One hundred and thirty-five thousand people were killed in a few hours, many of them baked to ashes in shelters which flames could not penetrate. Sixteen out of nineteen hospitals were desroyed. Dresden was in no serious sense a "military target." The defeat of the Nazis was a foregone conclusion, and Germany was within months of total collapse. Dresden itself would have been in the hands of the Allies within a few days. Why this act of gratuitous fury? Could one reasonably argue that the death of these people was "necessary" to save the lives of a still greater number, as was argued at Hiroshima? Not at all. The raid was carried out for no other reason than that Churchill felt it to be *politically expedient*. Whether or not it was so, no one will ever be able to say with any certitude.

Here, then, is the question. This bombing was purely and simply a calculated atrocity, designed to impress Russia, without any proportion whatever to real military necessity. Yet such decisions are regarded as *perfectly normal* in modern warfare. Of course, they have to be rationalized as "inevitable necessities." It is always claimed that such acts, unfortunate though they may be, are demanded because there is "no alternative." In practice, this means that no one is interested in even considering the possibility of an alternative. To advocate and promote modern war is then to enter into cooperation with brute power organized for implacable destruction regardless of real necessity, for purely pragmatic technological and political ends.

The question is then not merely one of the morality of this or that weapon, this or that tactic, but of the irrationality and inhumanity of the basic assumptions underlying modern technological warfare. In such warfare each move is dictated not by rational and human considerations but by the demands of technical "efficiency" and "getting the best results" in a way that more and more completely ignores reasonable and ethical objectives. Certainly the "right of self-defense by *just means* remains intact: but in power politics the limits of "legitimate defense" are always stretched to include acts which, in the enemy, we condemn as criminal, and which, in ourselves, we excuse because of the enemy's immorality. In such a situation as this it will be of little avail for the Church merely to take a quick look at the Bomb and declare, with some concern, that it makes too big a bang.

THOMAS MERTON

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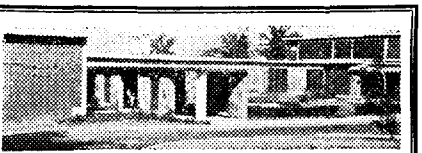

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—Jerry DeMuth's "Black Belt, Alabama,"
COMMONWEAL, August 7, 1964

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